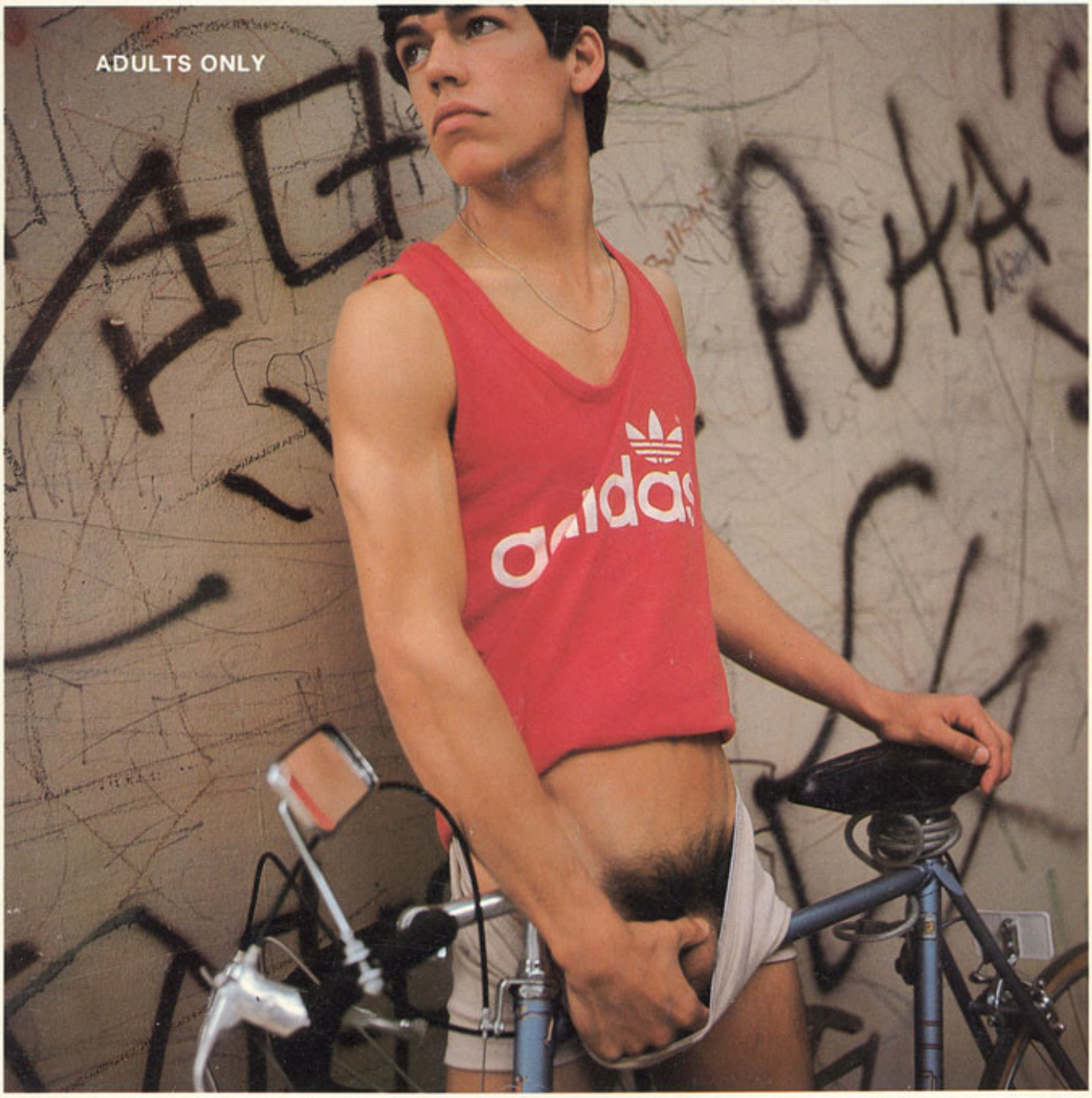
NUMBER ONE

$8.00

Love, Robbie

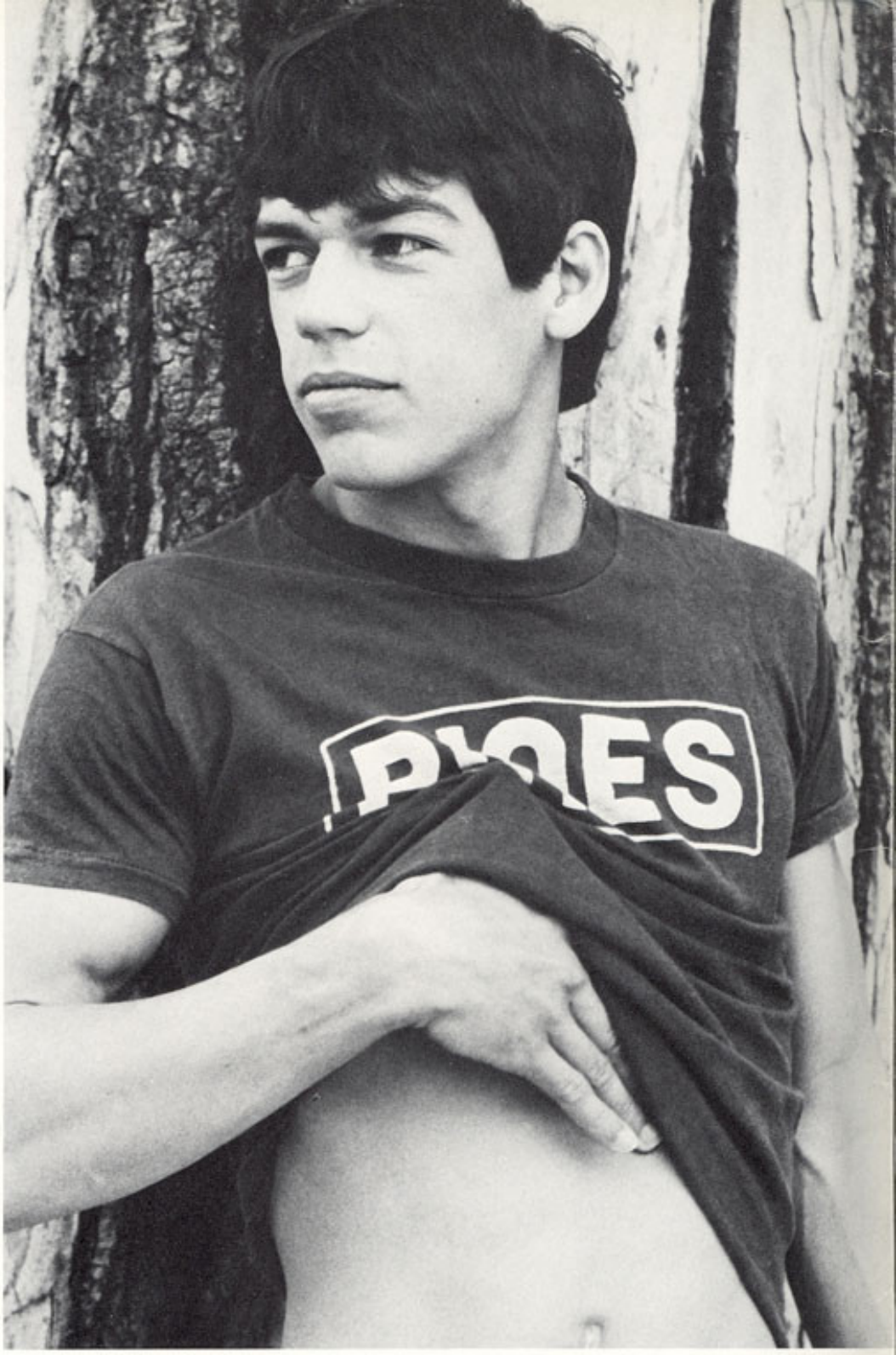
Actual letters from a college jock—turn a hot coach's fantasies and a young student's desires into sensual reality.



FROM CLOSE-UP PRODUCTIONS

ROBBIE

**He's hot, young and horny,
a real college jock.**



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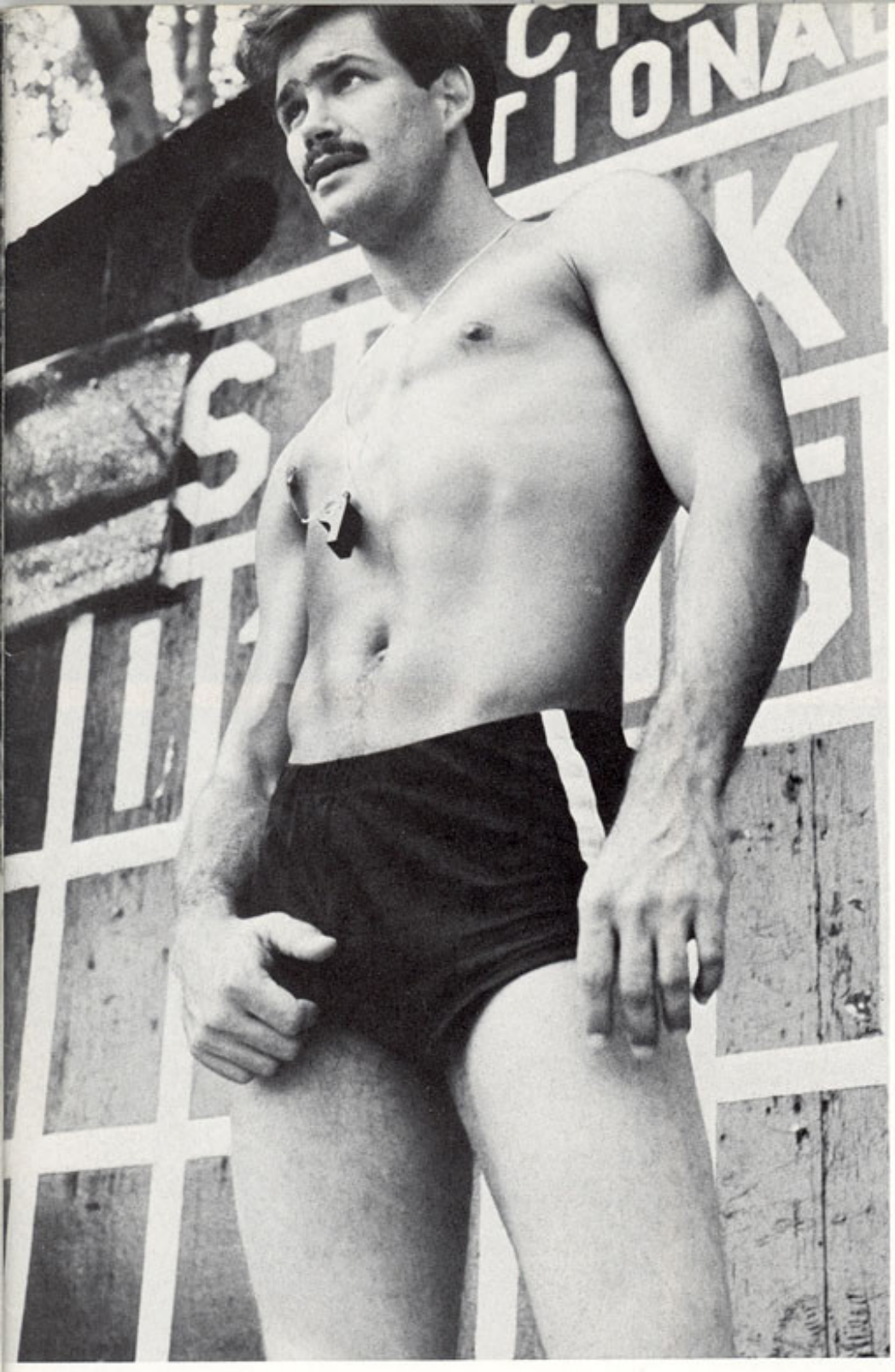
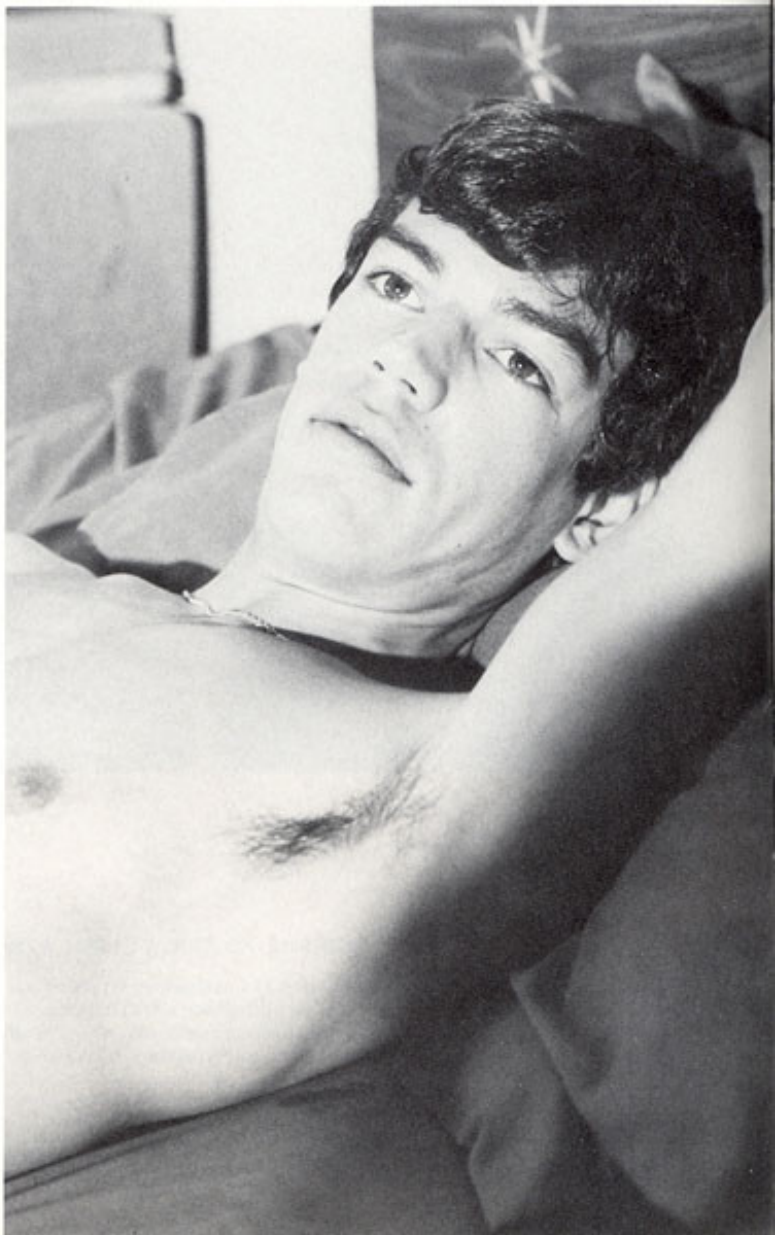


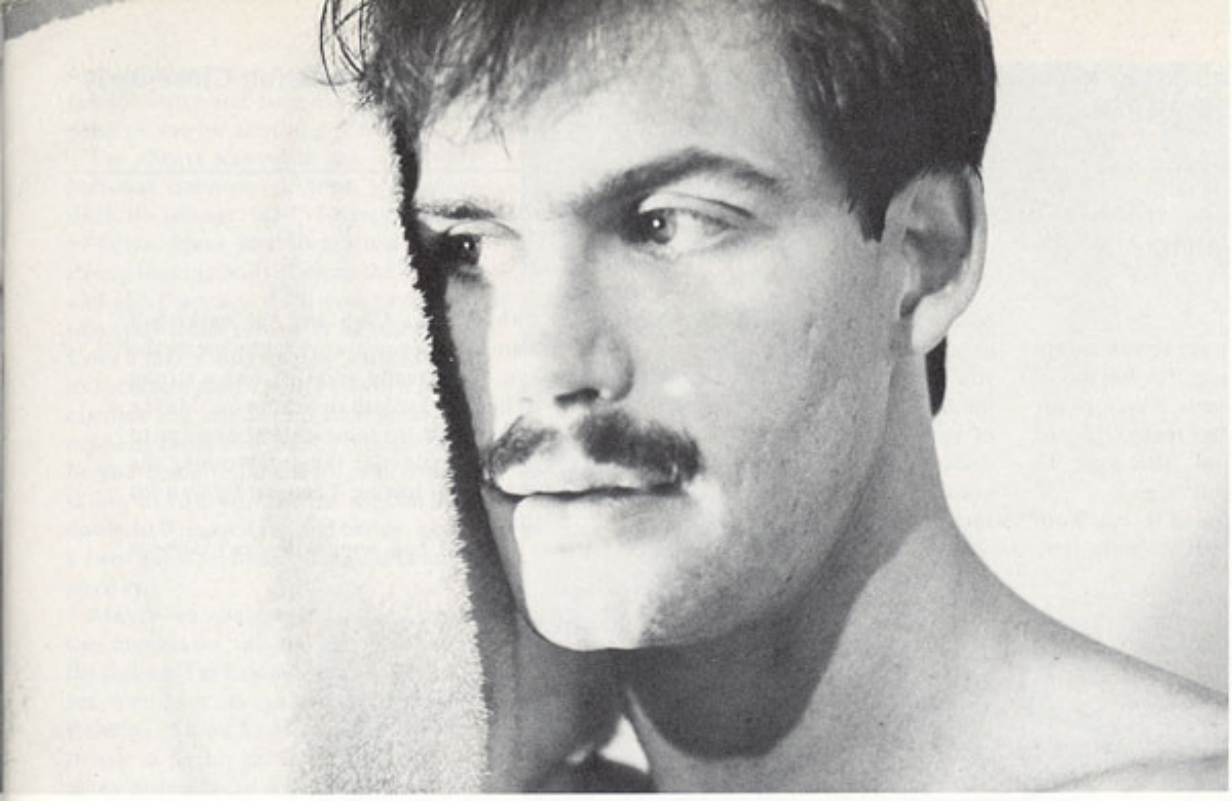
J.W. KING

He's married, gorgeous and lonely, a real hunky coach.

The fantasy they both live soon becomes reality, you'll actually read the secrets they shared.

PHOTOGRAPHERS: DOUG HOLSTER & STEVEN JOHNSON





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The letters in this publication were actually written between two people. With their permission Close-up is being allowed to share with you the intimate secrets they shared.

Late at night

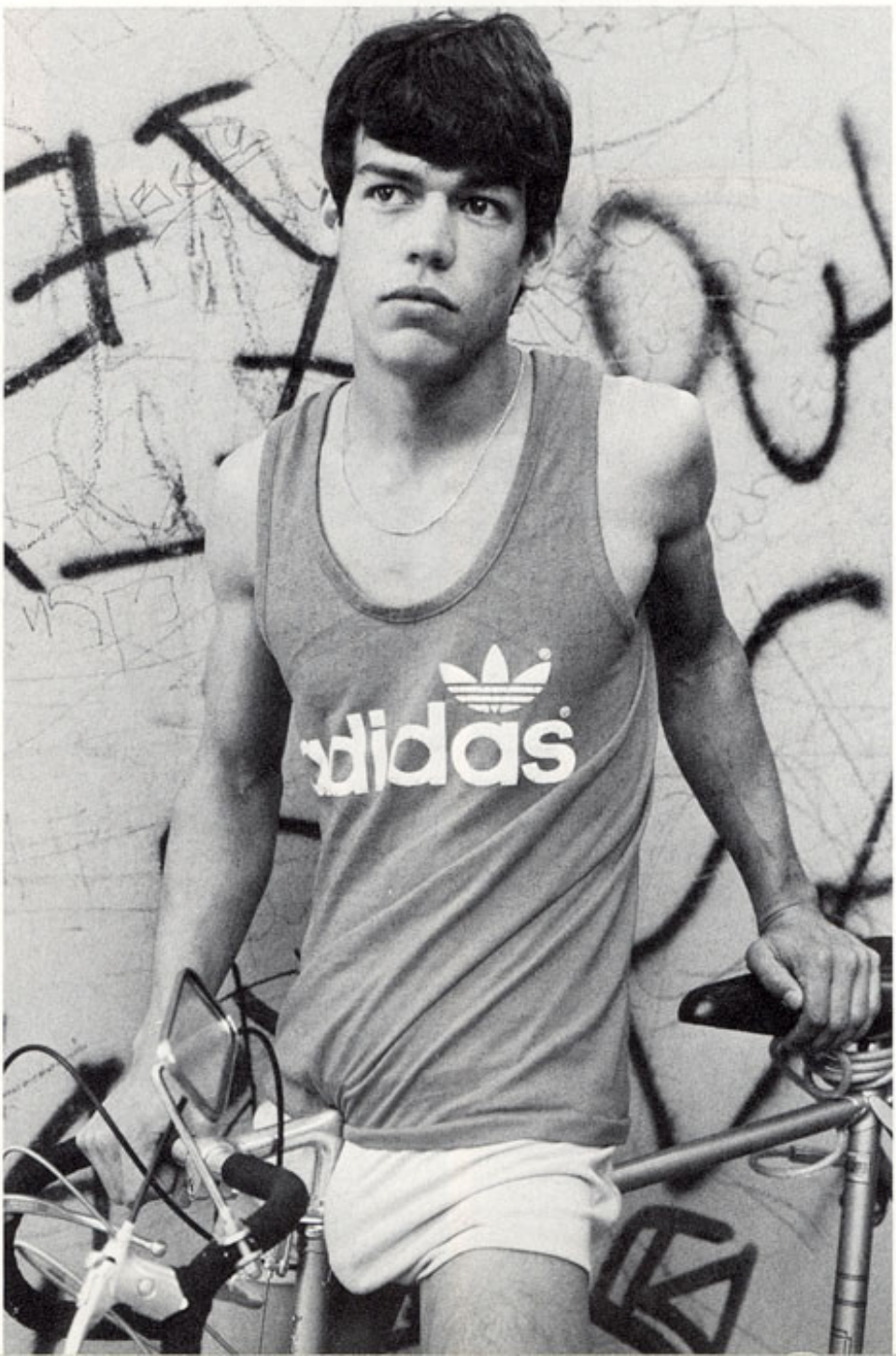
Dear Mr. King:

There isn't much to say to you except I just knew I had to write. The last day of school will soon be here. Never in my entire school years have I really regretted the last day of school. This year it's different. I don't want it to end.

You have been a friend to me. Your strength and your terrific smile have been a great force in keeping me here at good old River State College. I mean you've been just great. Since I started taking your class, I've never missed a day of school. Before that time I had even decided to drop out for good. Now as you know I'll soon be off to Hawaii for the summer, but back here in the fall.

Didn't we have fun during the winter with the Ski Club and the basketball team? When you always sat by me on the bus, I felt really good. It was a strong feeling to have you sit next to me. Maybe we can sit in the same seats when we go to the mountains for the 4 day outing the Ski Club is having. I can hardly wait for that.

It's too bad your wife can't come—



sorry to hear about her sick mother. Tell her I'll watch out for you. You can depend on me for anything you want.

I've always wanted to ask you a very personal question—I hope you won't think it's strange; but I've always wanted to know. Have you always had such a strong looking body? I mean the muscles and all? I wonder if I'll ever have them like you? I just turned 19 as you know. Does it take a long time for a man's body to become a man's body? I have a pretty big dick and also hair in my crotch—but my body is not like yours. I thought maybe you could tell me if I'll always be as skinny as I am now? I'd ask my dad but I doubt he'd understand and besides he has a beer gut—he doesn't like to talk much anyway.

Maybe we could spend some time in the mountains talking about some of the feelings I'm having—especially about sex. You have always been pretty understanding. I have had questions I wanted to ask in health class, but there are too many people there and besides my questions are rather personal.

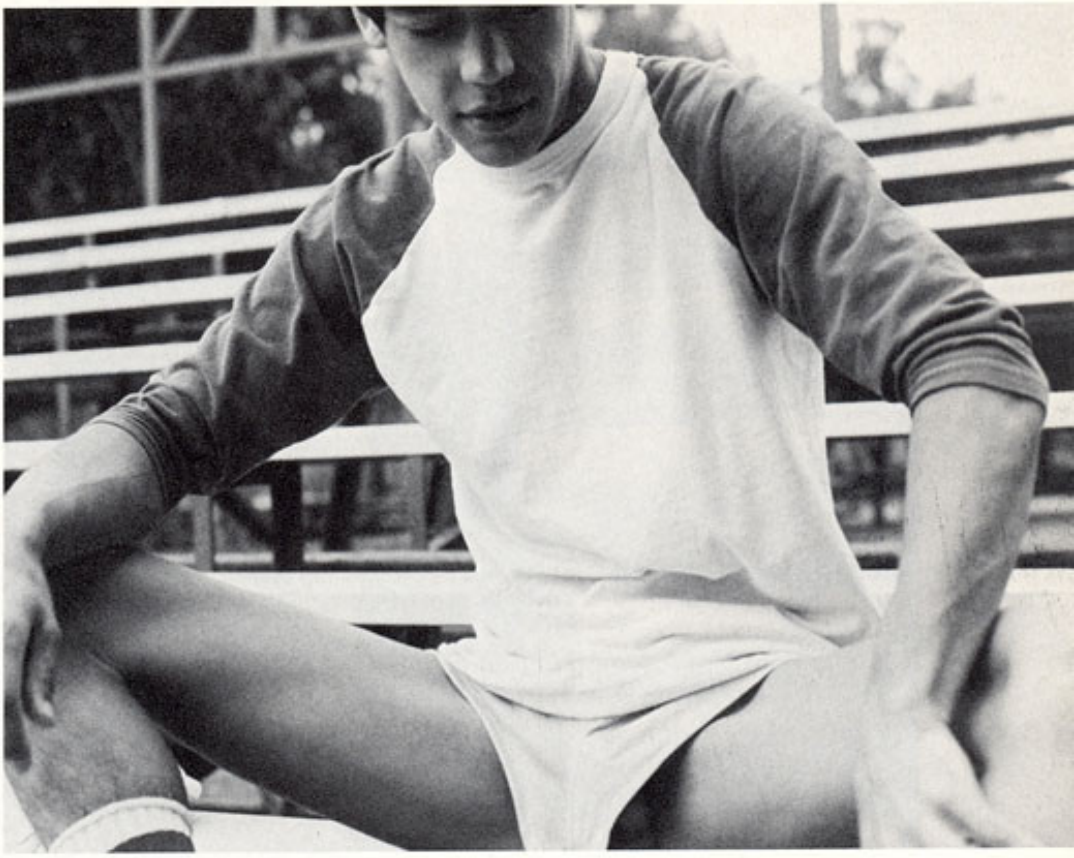
I almost get sick when I think about you being gone from my life. So let's make the most of it while we're on our trip this weekend. If you want to I'll hit you up for another one of those backrubs you gave me after the state basketball championship game. I wouldn't even have been able to sleep that night if it hadn't been for those fantastic fingers. The only problem is you didn't do it long enough. Up in the mountains you can massage all my body because you're so great at it.

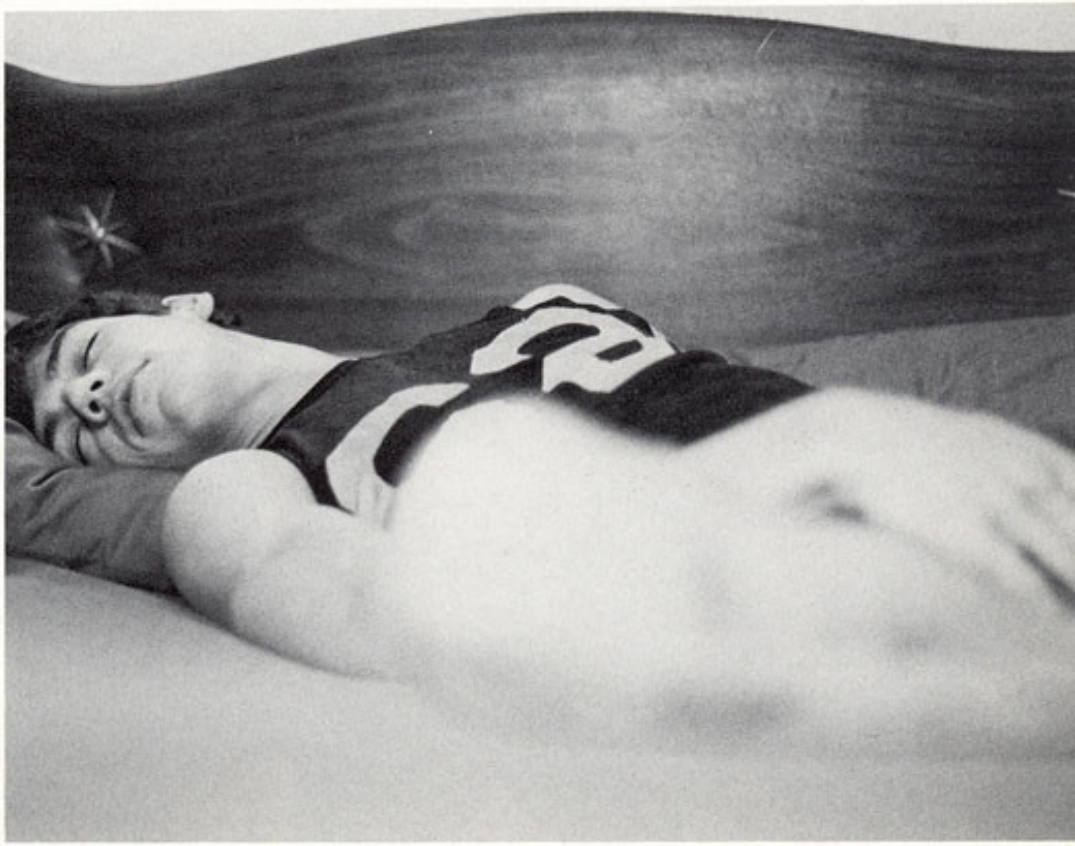
Sometimes my back still gives me trouble—after I hurt it at that game. Well anyway—keep up the good work coach. I got to go to sleep now. I'm going to the doctor tomorrow for a physical for my summer job. Good old Doc Simmons will give me the "two finger" cough test—it hurts my balls—if you know what I mean. I wouldn't mind if you were the doctor. Hell, that sounds queer doesn't it? I just mean your close to me and all and I wouldn't mind if it was you touching my balls. Old Doc Simmons always says, "yes Robbie that's some penis you have there—pretty big for a boy your age." What would you have said Mr. King if you were my doctor? I often wonder about that.

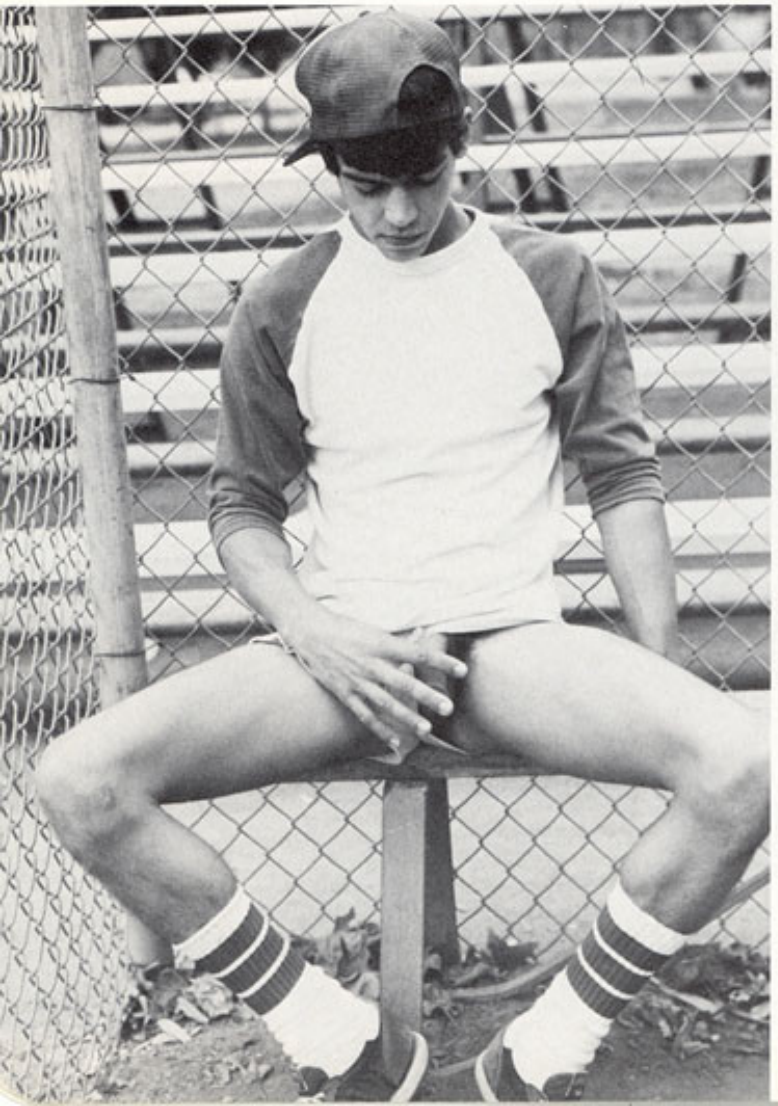
Jeez, I could go on and on—but gotta get to sleep. I have one more thing to take care of before I hit the hay if you know what I mean. (ha! ha!) Anyhow sleep tight or is it hard?

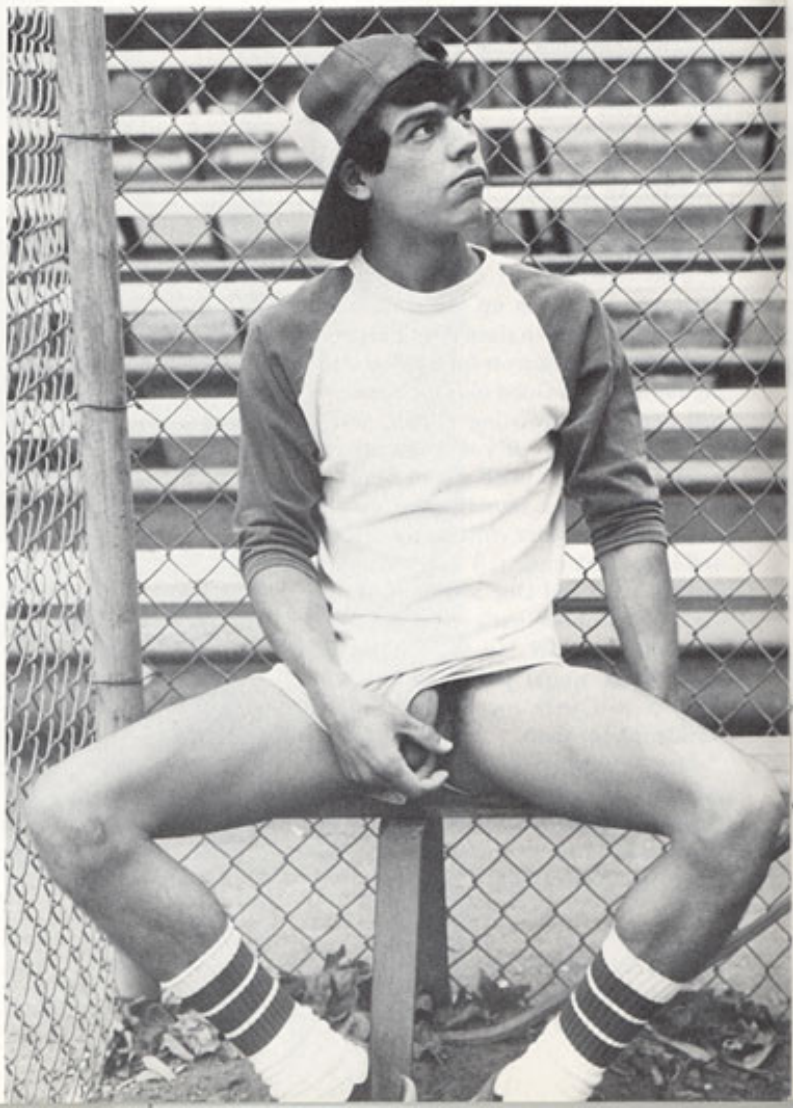
Your pal forever,
Robbie

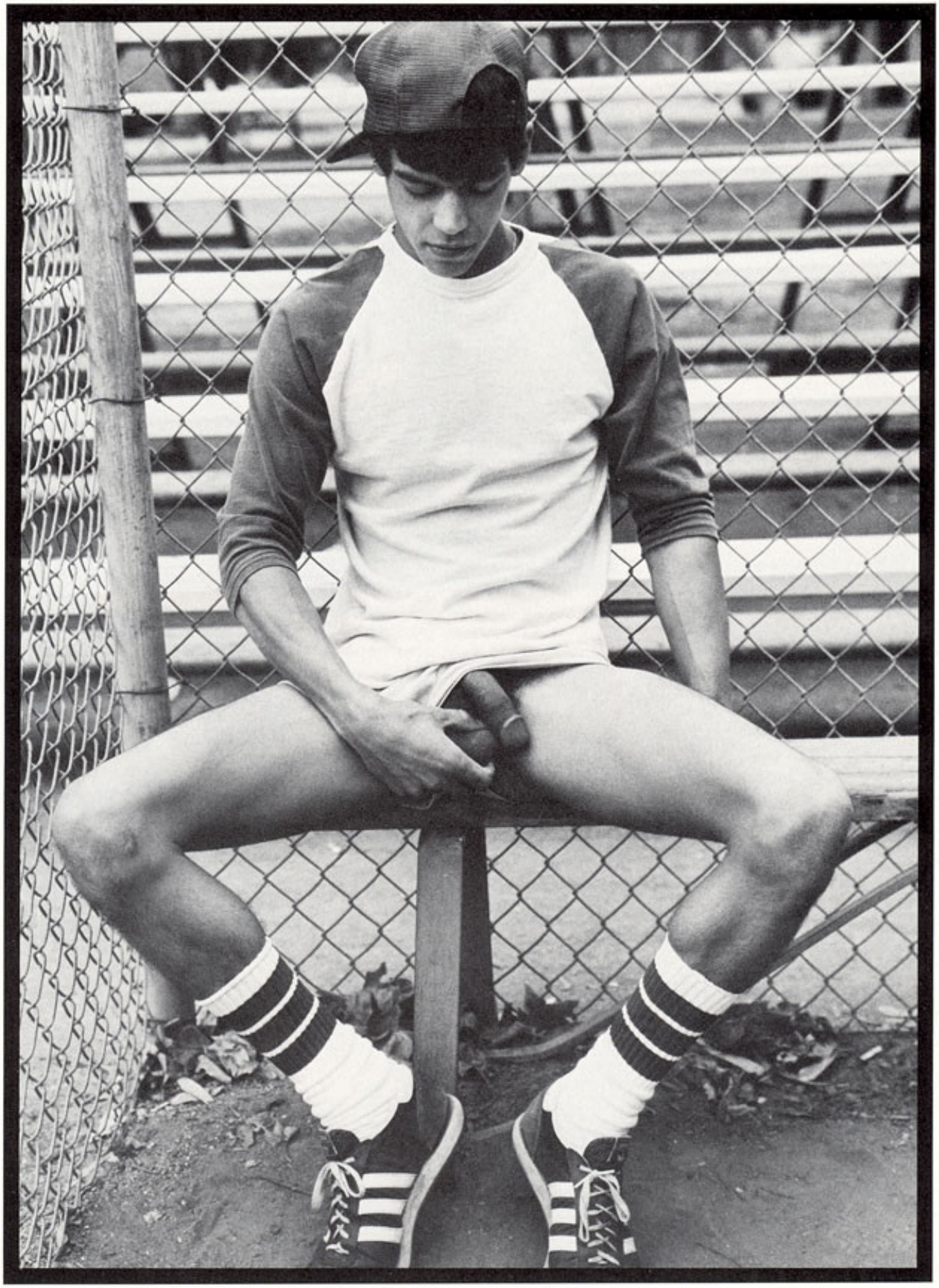
P.S. I'll see you in Health Class. I've got a new joke for you, *real dirty!* Hope you'll have a good one for me.



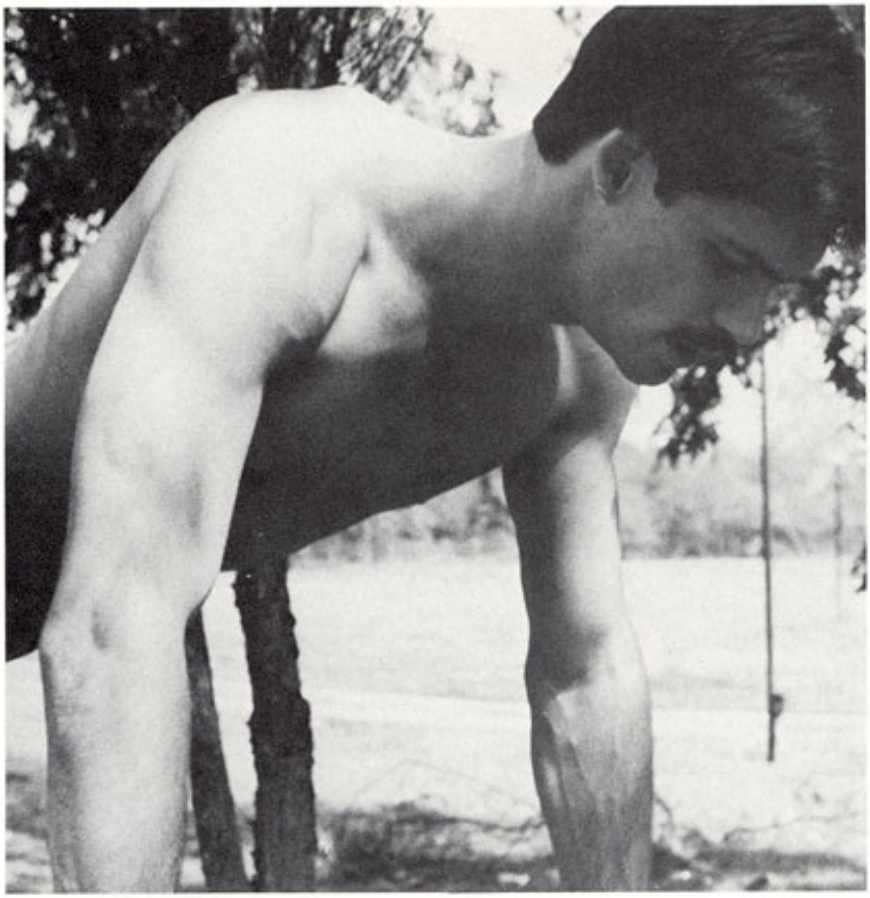








Alone at home in front of a warm fire.



Dear Robbie,

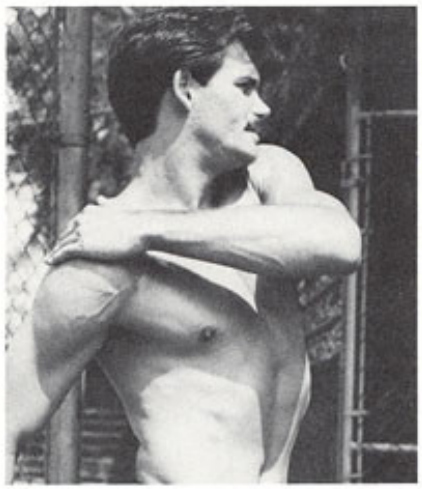
I found your letter tucked inside my briefcase just before I left school today. I wanted to take the time to read it then, but I was in a hurry, my wife called earlier and needed me to come home as soon as possible. I'm sorry to say her mother's condition had taken a turn for the worse. Now, I have just returned from taking her to the home of her parents. Not only will she be able to give her mother constant care it will also be less strain on my heavy demanding schedule. There are always so many things to do before we close the school term.

It was strange coming back to an empty house. My whole body was chilled by the cold night air and I had an empty, lonely feeling. I built a roaring fire in the fireplace, slipped off all my clothes, and put on a pair of gym trunks so the heat of the fire could play on my body. As the fire was dying down, I remembered your letter. I have just finished reading it. I'll say, for sure, it brought a rush of memories. I too thought of how wonderful it's been to watch you progress in class. Not only has your interest been intense, but you have made great achievements. I also noticed you in the gym now and again. You've really been working on your stomach muscles. The are so ripply—magnificent perfection. Everyone should be so lucky. I catch my eyes following you very closely. I remember back to the days when I was your age—I didn't have a gym to work out in, but the strenuous farmwork soon changed me from a thin weak-looking kid into a man. Once you get your body strong and all your muscles toned, it's easy to maintain them. Oh, by the way, thank you for the compliments about my body and, no I don't think your questions were too personal.

I'm pleased that you look to me for answers and guidance I wish you were here right now—we could talk a lot about private things. But you just keep up the body building workouts at the gym and the heavy sports schedule you follow and very soon your body will be strong and more firm than mine. You'll never be as big as I am, because your frame is smaller.

I just put this letter down a minute to get some relief in the bathroom—(oh no, not that way) just to urinate. While there I couldn't help but drop my robe to the floor and I took a minute to eye myself in the mirror. For just a moment, I fantasized that you were standing there nude next to me. As we admired each others' bodies, I imagined I turned you so that your body was near my chest and the crest of your firm buns barely touched my groin. I reached out to massage you and you vanished. I was alone—my cock was increasing in size. I knew the ache in my balls sought release. My hand found that thick shaft and traveled very slowly up and down—I imagined they were clasping my wife's firm breasts. I knew that more movement would cause the release I needed—so I quickly returned to the sofa in front of the fire. I leaned back and let my thoughts wonder. The weekend would soon be here and the overnight ski trip. Soon we would be on the bus headed for the mountains. Perhaps I wouldn't be able to sit with you and talk, but then I wanted to talk to you in private—answer some of your questions about your sexual feelings. I knew you would be sleeping in the dorm with the other boys in the Ski Club, but I would have a private room. After a couple of day's run on the slopes, I knew your muscles would be hard, tense and aching. I knew the moon would be full, a perfect time for you to come to my room after everyone else was asleep. I would guide my strong fingers up and down your spine and ease away your spasms.

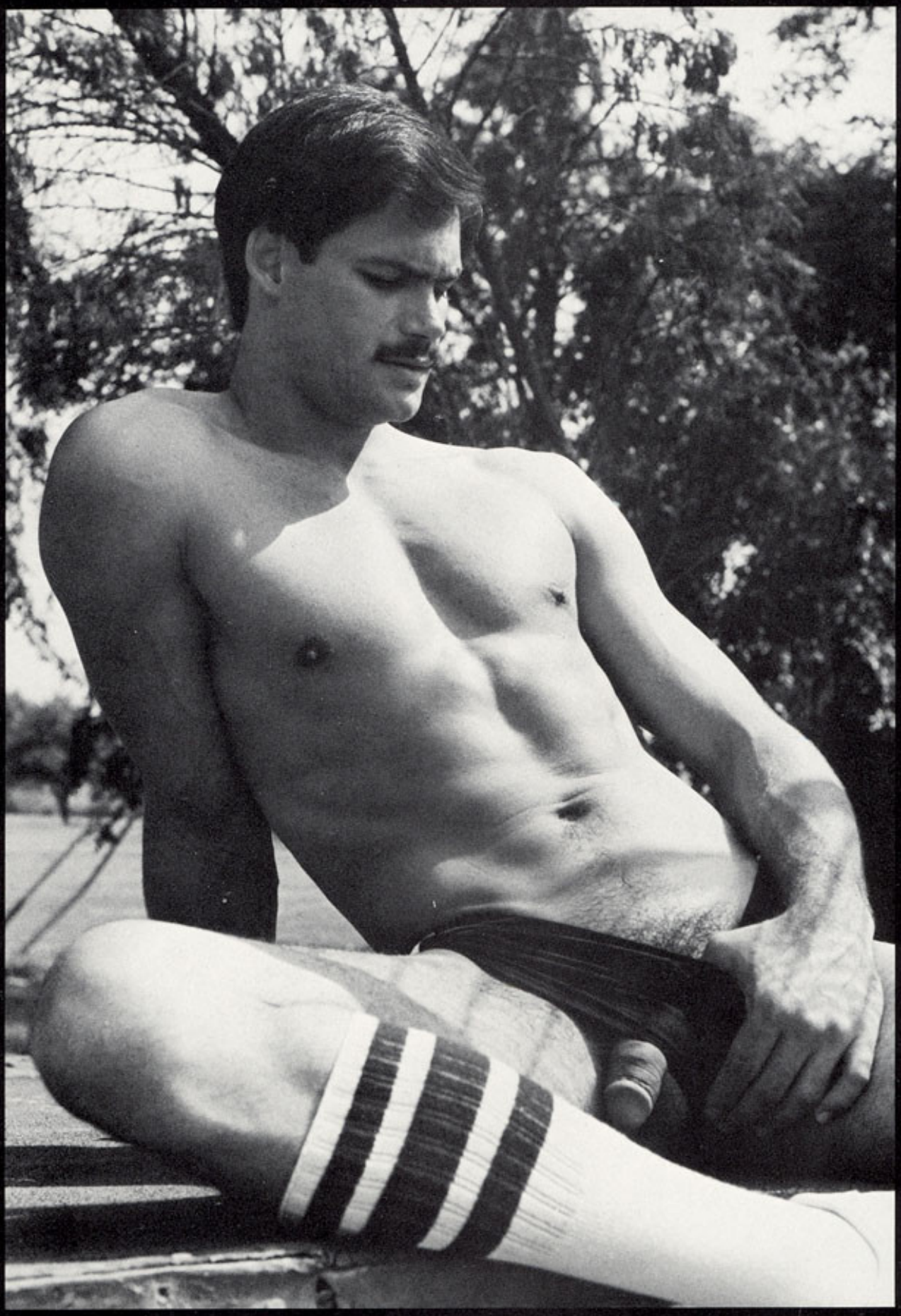
For some reason I have a great interest in you and your desires. I think it's because of the way you have blossomed in my class. I'm very proud of you and want somehow to give you answers or something that will cause you to enjoy life to its fullest.

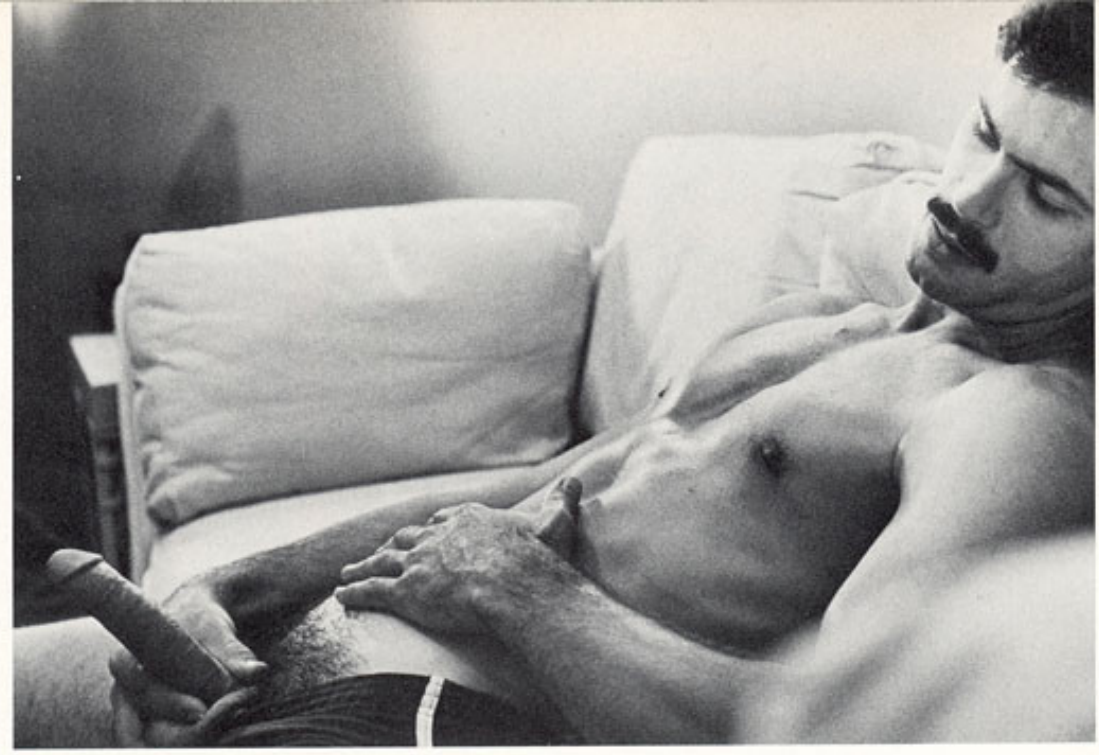


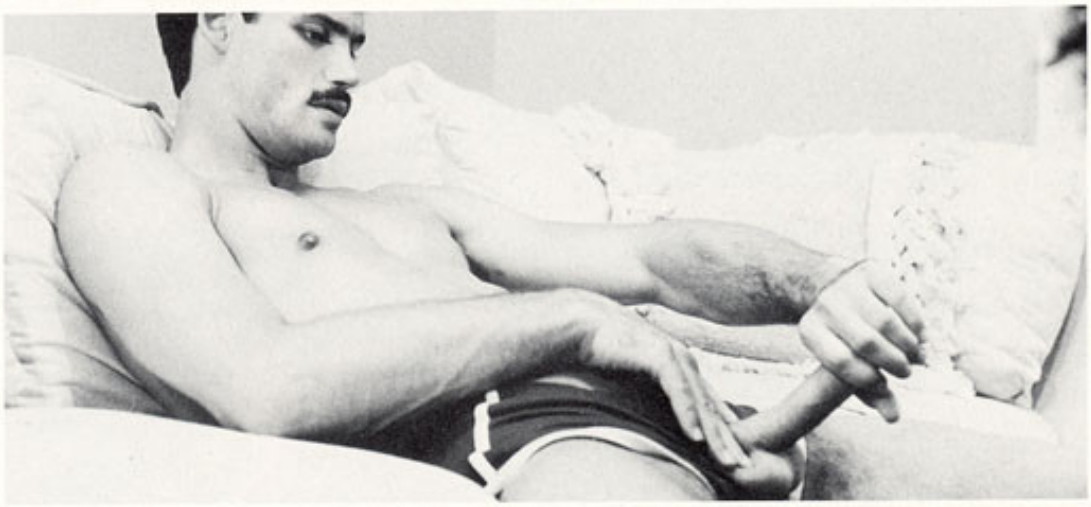
I must close now and call my wife to see if her mother is any better. Then to bed, for tomorrow holds a busy schedule. I know when I get in bed I will toss and turn—it always takes a good sexual encounter to calm me down, but with my wife I feel at times a little short-changed. Like maybe there should be more. Good luck at the doctor's. Beware if he takes too long with the cough test—ha ha—maybe I should be your doctor instead of your teacher. I'd like giving you a complete examination.

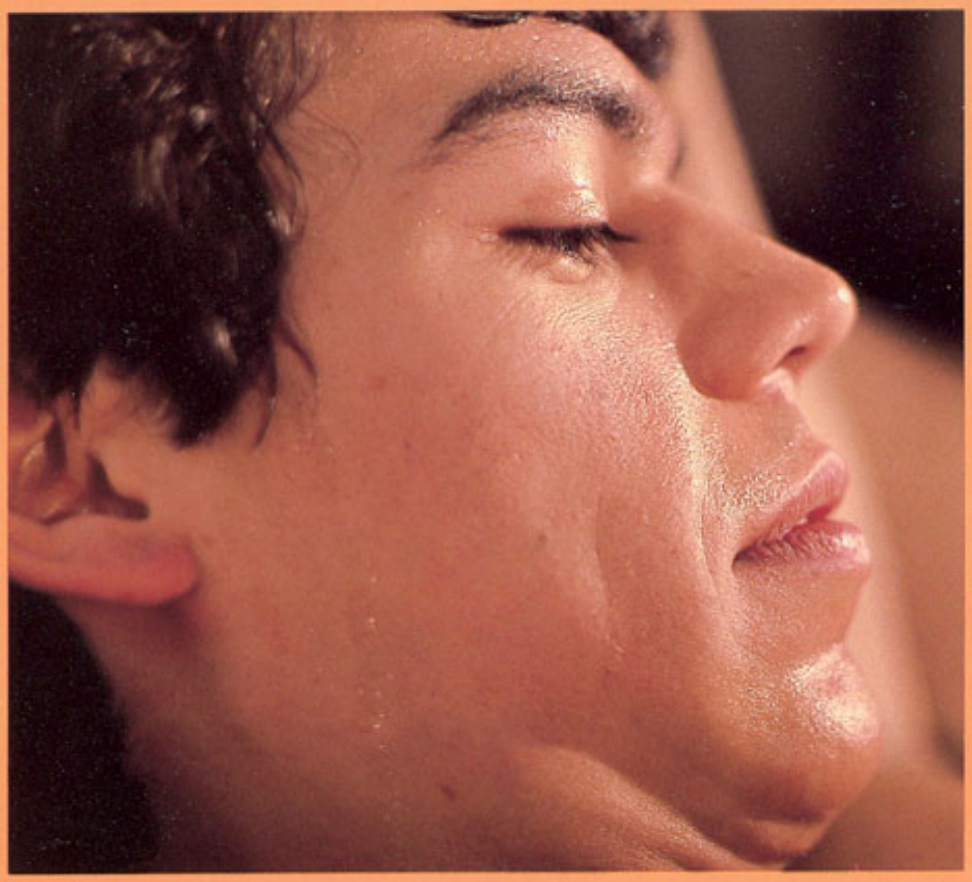
I'll give you this letter when you come to class and I'll try to have a good joke to go along with yours.

Fondly,
Mr. King









After school in my room

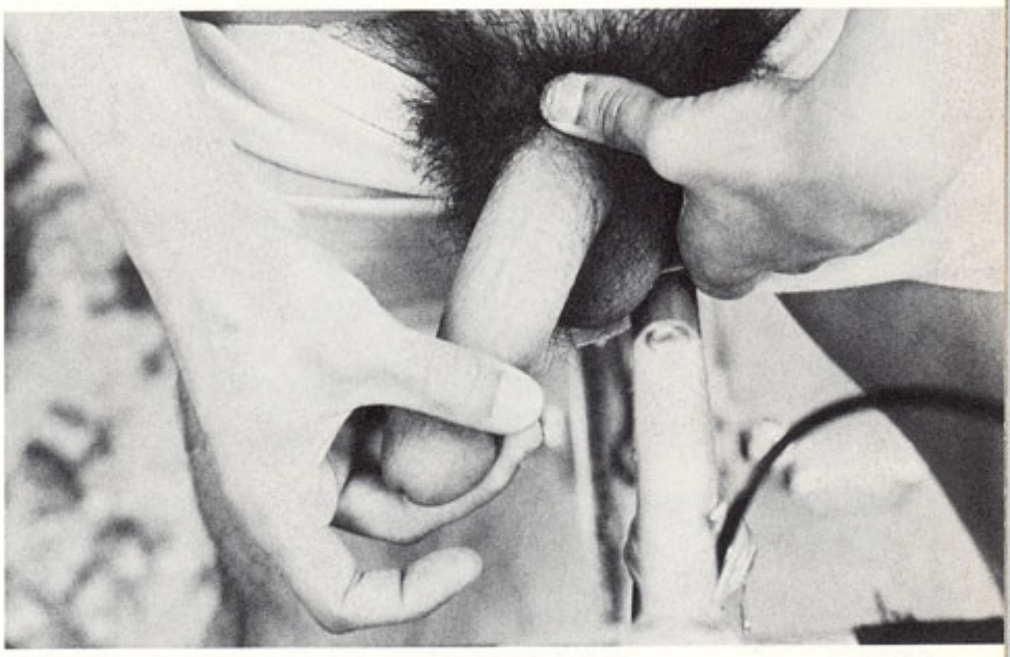
Dear Coach,

When I got home tonight, it was real late, cause I didn't come right home from the doctor's. I rode my bike to school like I do every Thursday. Good exercise for the legs. Anyway, I rode to the park. I sat at the edge of a tunnel and began to think. I was also playing with my dick. I'm not sure why I'm telling you this, but that's what I did. I even got a partial erection while I was doing it. Don't laugh! It was a pretty big turn-on, you should have seen it. I took my dick out of my shorts and began to rub it on my bike. I almost shot a big load right there. You probably think I'm nuts for telling you this but that's what happened.

When I got home it was late like I said. I needed to wax my skis, which I did and also put some water proofing on my boots. Tomorrow is the big day. Wahoo! I can hardly wait!

If you don't sit by me on the bus, I'm not sure what I'll do. I plan to get on early and save the front seat for us. So you can just plan on it.

Sorry about your wife and her being gone. Maybe I could learn to massage like you do and I could relieve some of your tensions. I'd also like to see you standing in front of a mirror without any clothes on. Your muscles look really fantastic. Today when you were showing us the stretching exercises I was amazed how your muscles ripple. I doubt I'll ever be like you. The only muscle I have is *well*



dveloped, besides my stomach, is between my legs. At least that's what my roommate David says. I think he's jealous because my dick is bigger than his.

While I was waxing my skis, my dick fell out of my shorts and I let it get hard. It was sticking straight out at full attention when my roommate David walked in the room. I didn't hide it, because he's seen it before. I think he likes to look at it. Could he be a fag? Anyway he said, "Why don't you beat that thing off and put it away in your shorts?" I said to him, "I'll bet I could cum before you get yours hard." He laughed. I began to jerk-off while he was trying to get a hard-on. Before you could count to twenty-five, I'd shot all over my skis. David was still trying to get his cock up. You should have seen the look on his face. I wish you could have been there!

I'm glad you'll give me a massage. Do I have to wait for two days? Why that's halfway through the trip. I want to come see you the first night. I've got lots to talk about. You'll never know the questions I've stored up in my mind. You can count on me the first night even if it's just for a little while, say as long as it takes you to count to twenty-five ha ha!!!

The doctor took a hold of my balls and rolled them around in his hand. He said, "these balls must really be full of sperm, they're so big." I didn't know what to say so I kind of pulled away. He had a hold of them and didn't let go. Maybe you should have been there instead of him. I'm not quite sure what he's up to. David said old Doc Simmons held on to him once so long that David started to get a hard-on. Well, anyway, enough of that, and enough of this letter. See how much my mind runs on sex. Is it natural? Sometimes I think I'm the sex-maniac of our school. I had two hard-ons in history today and three in health. Had to carry my books in front of me when I left your class.

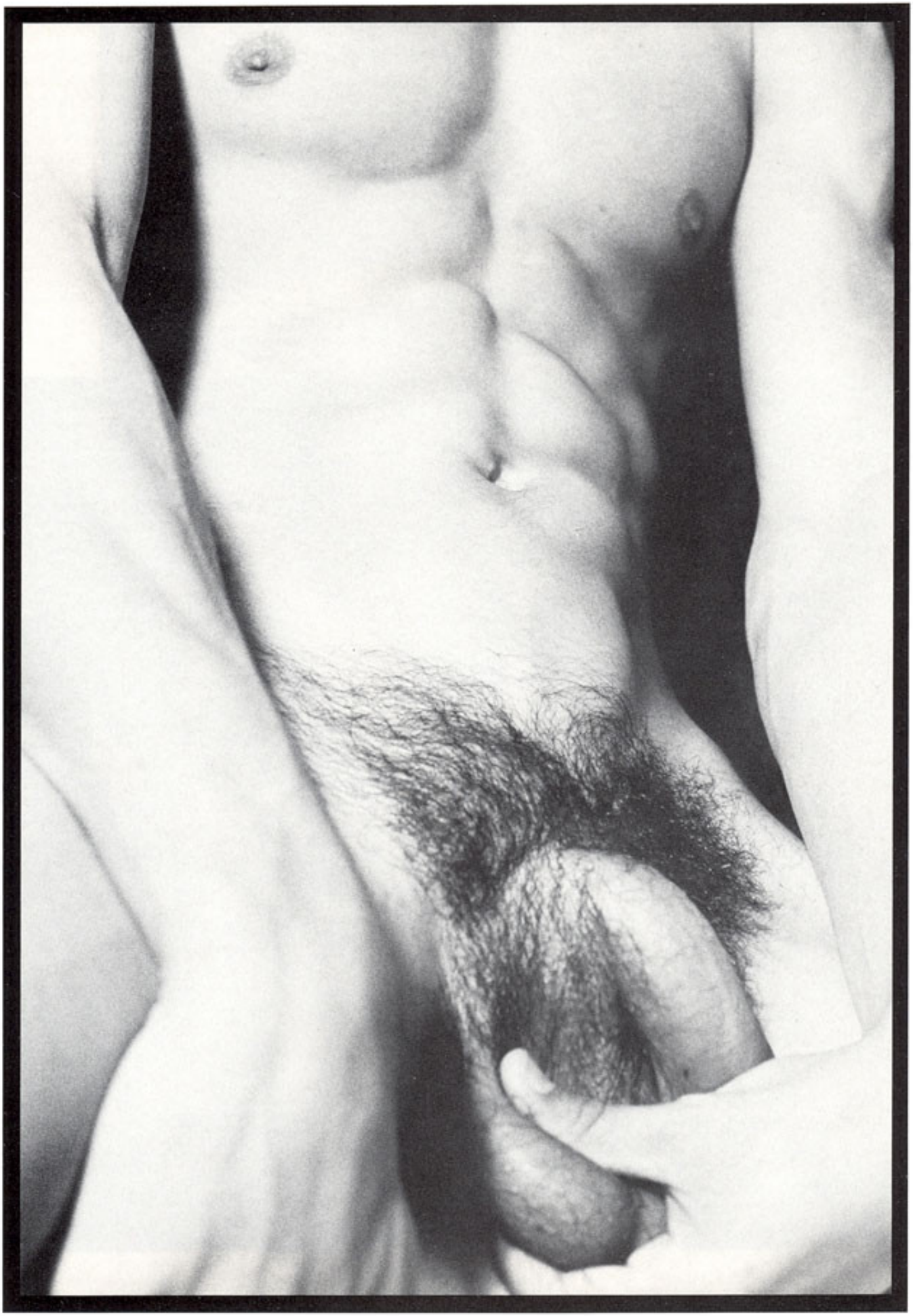
Did you ever beat off in the bathroom at school when you were young? I did it today while I was in the park toilet. See what I mean. Oversexed??? What do you think?

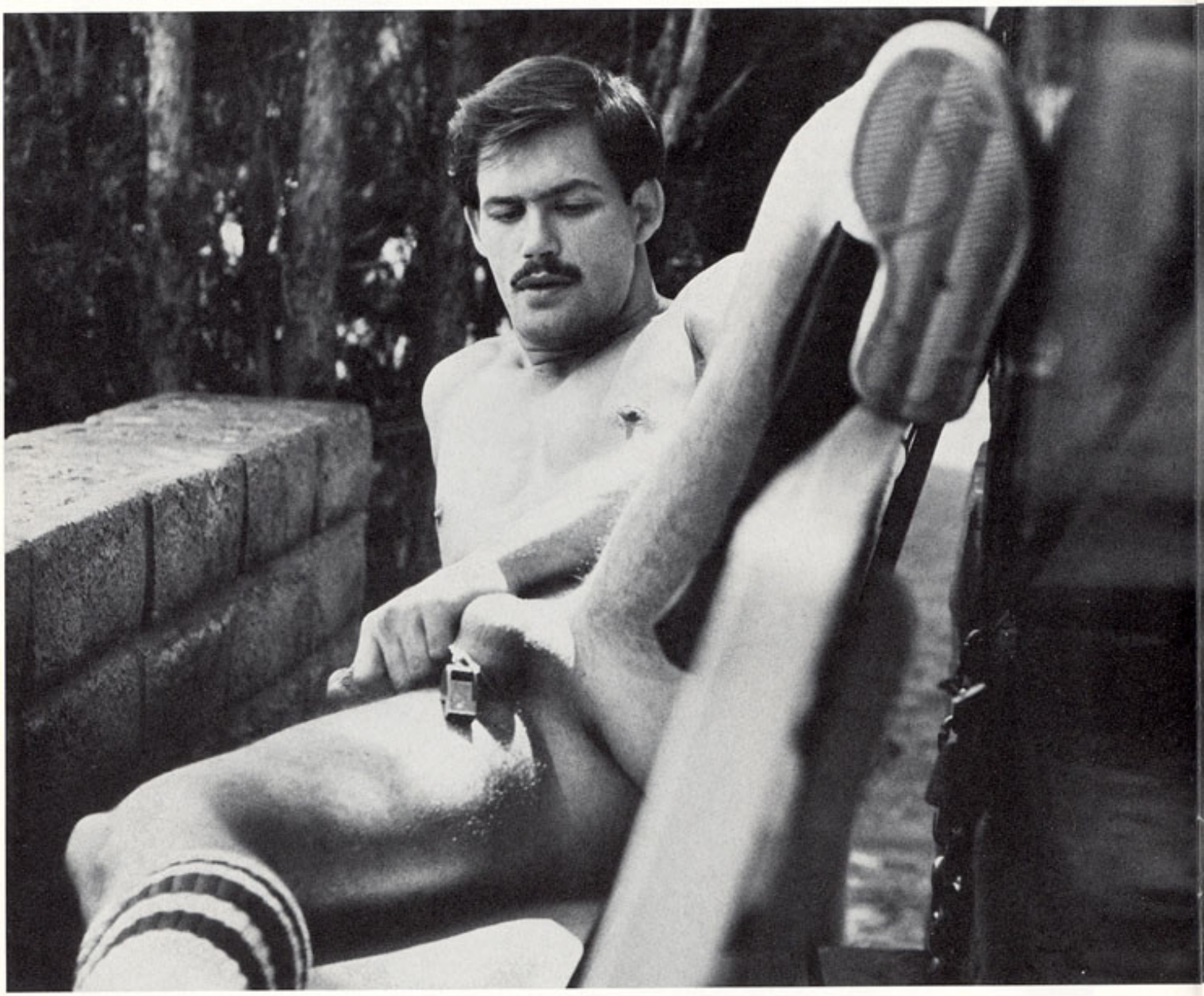
Got to go to bed now, but need some relief first. Writing this letter has made me real horny. It's funny that you would think about beating off like you said in your letter. I thought that ended when a person got married.

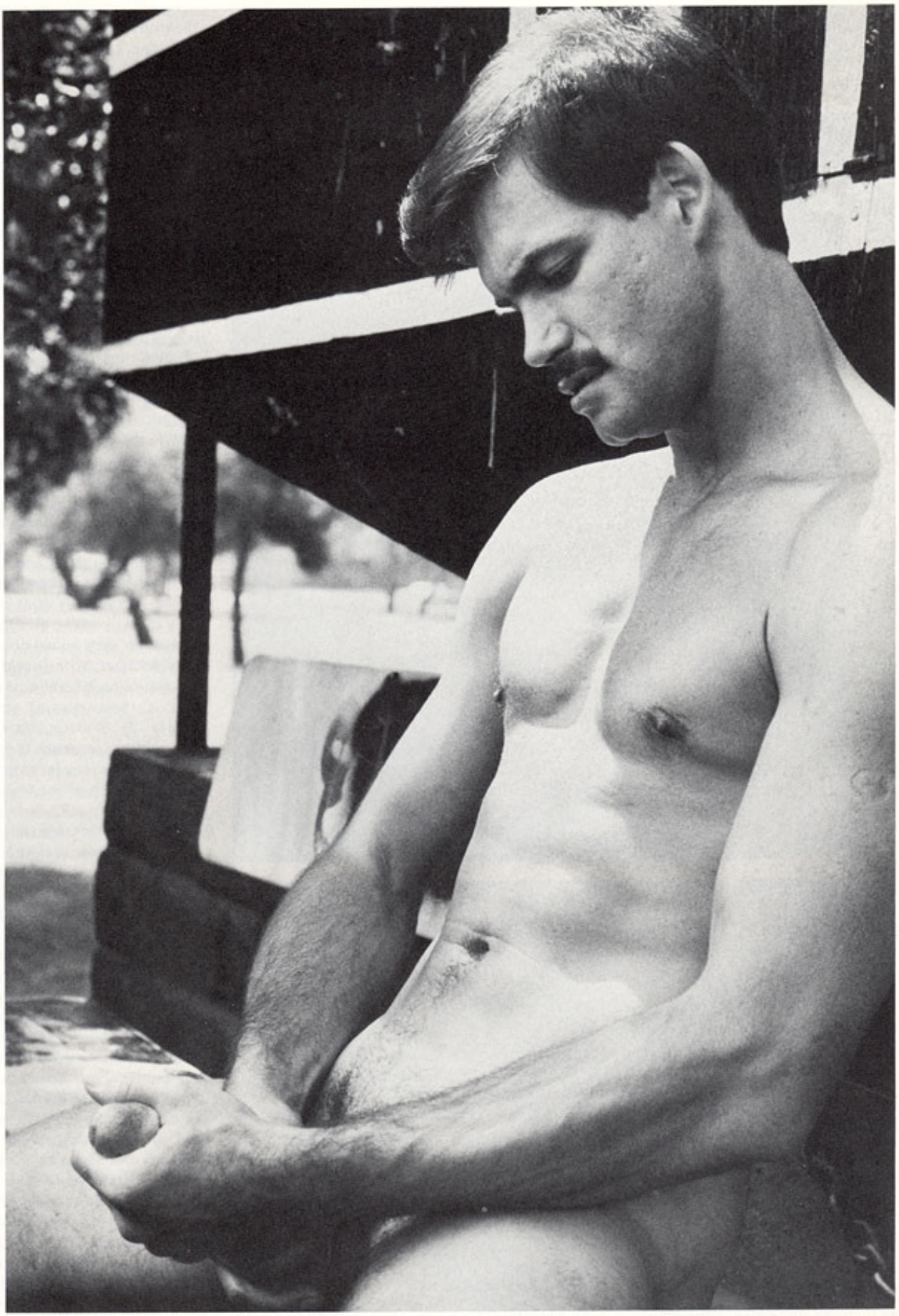
I'm putting this letter in your car on the way to school. I have to go to early band practice. See you in the gym.

Your faithful student
Robbie

P.S. Maybe you should write me a joke instead of telling it to me then I can read it a few times and remember it.



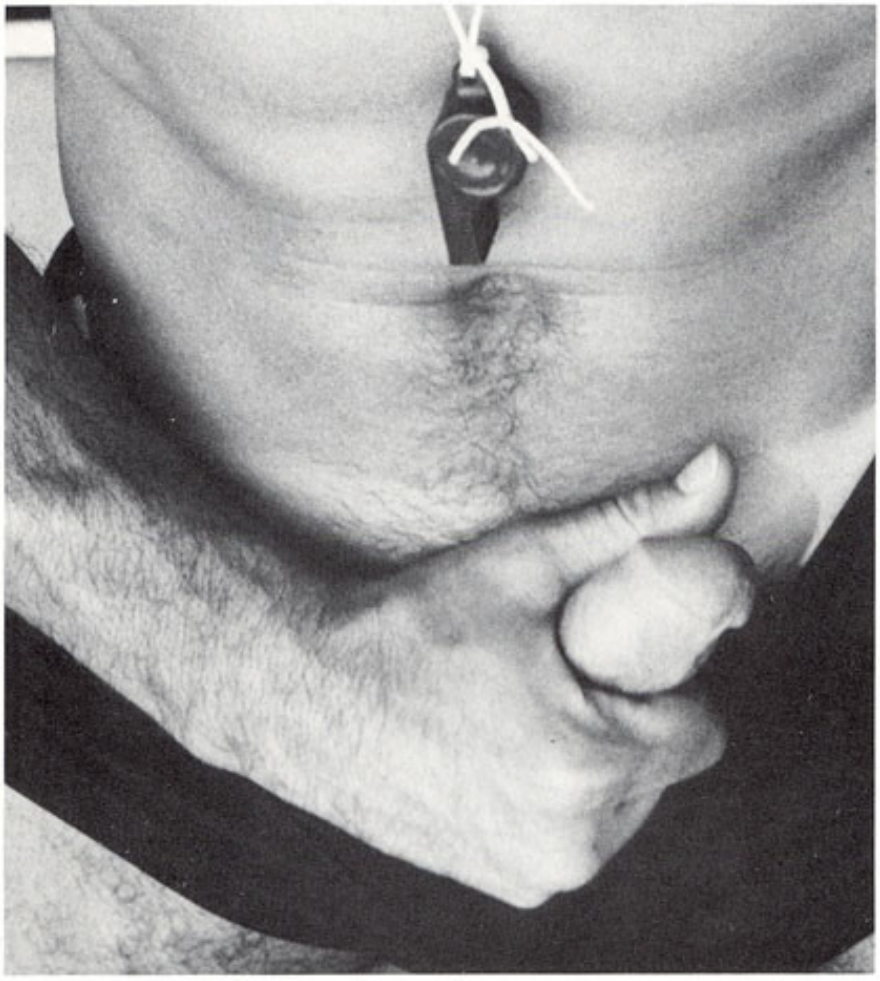




In the park near River State College

Dear Robbie,

I didn't sleep well last night, so I decided to get up and go to school early. I thought it would be a good time to try and catch up on the things that need to be done before school is over for another term. I don't want any loose ends bugging me when we are away on the ski trip.



As I got into my car, I saw the letter on the front seat. I was surprised that it was from you. I thought at first I had dropped some mail out of my briefcase. I thought I'd wait and read it when I got to school, but since it was early, I stopped in the park and have just finished it—in fact I re-read it several times and frankly, just between us, I have a big hard-on.

I got to thinking about what you said about getting a hard-on in the park and how you rubbed it on your bike. It took me back to the days when I bought my first car. I remember I used to stroke it and thoughts of power rushed into my veins as I accelerated the gas pedal. I felt grown-up with a feeling of great prestige. I would caress it and then drive around this very park and speed out into the countryside—all the time my cock getting harder and harder. I'd stop in the seclusion of the trees near the bend of the stream that enters into the lake. You must know the place—it's where everyone still goes to park. At first I'd just go there and beat my cock until it wouldn't come anymore. Later I found that the car attracted loose girls at school. So I started taking them out there, one at a time, and fucking them or letting them blow me. I like to be blown a lot. There is something very sexual about a car. I've often asked my wife if she'd like to go out there some night and let me relive the fantasy of those growing years—but she always says it's stupid and adolescent. I would like very much to fuck again like that, when it's very dark and you can hear only the ripple of the water as it enters the lake. Of course, there are the other night sounds like frogs and owls—sounds eerie but very sexual expecially if you have someone who is hotter than those warm summer nights.

The more I think of it the hotter I'm getting. Have you ever gone out there parking and ended up fucking, or getting a blow-job?

Your talking about your roommate David also brought back memories of my early youth. As you know, I grew up on a ranch and there were seven children in our family. Four brothers and two sisters. I was close to my oldest brother and we used to hide out in the barn's hayloft and measure each others' cocks, then jerk-off and see who could shoot the highest. I always won both contests. Later, he went off to school and I started the contest with one of the hired hands and never won. I never saw a person with such a big cock and besides that he had three big balls. I wonder what your doctor would have done had he gotten ahold of those. His sack reminded me of one of the young bulls that we kept locked up away from the cows. Speaking of your doctor, I wonder about him:

Sounds like he's feeling you up instead of a real examination.

Yesterday, after exercise class and after everyone left the gym, I went into the john. I was about to sit on the stool when I noticed someone had written some graffiti. It said, "I'm black and have 14 inches." Under that, "I'm green with envy." Under that, "I'm white and love my pink 10 inches." I think I know who wrote the first line, not sure about the second and wonder if by chance you wrote the third. Anyway, for some reason I found myself sitting and next thing stroking my cock. It responded in seconds. Guess I'll have to say again, just between us, yes, I have jerked-off at school now, even though I'm not as young as you.

You asked about me jerking off and being married. For a long time I didn't, but then as time passed, she let herself go. She put on pounds and she wasn't tight anymore. I tried to get her to try varied sex trips, like putting my cock in her mouth or up her tighter hole. She always says, "Your cock's too big and I don't want that dirty thing in my mouth either." Then I'd jack off after she'd made some excuse about no sex tonight and sometimes I could come without even touching my cock. I'd think of a firm, thin body and solid ass buns and a tight hole—one that takes some time to get into—that concentration soon had me shooting off.

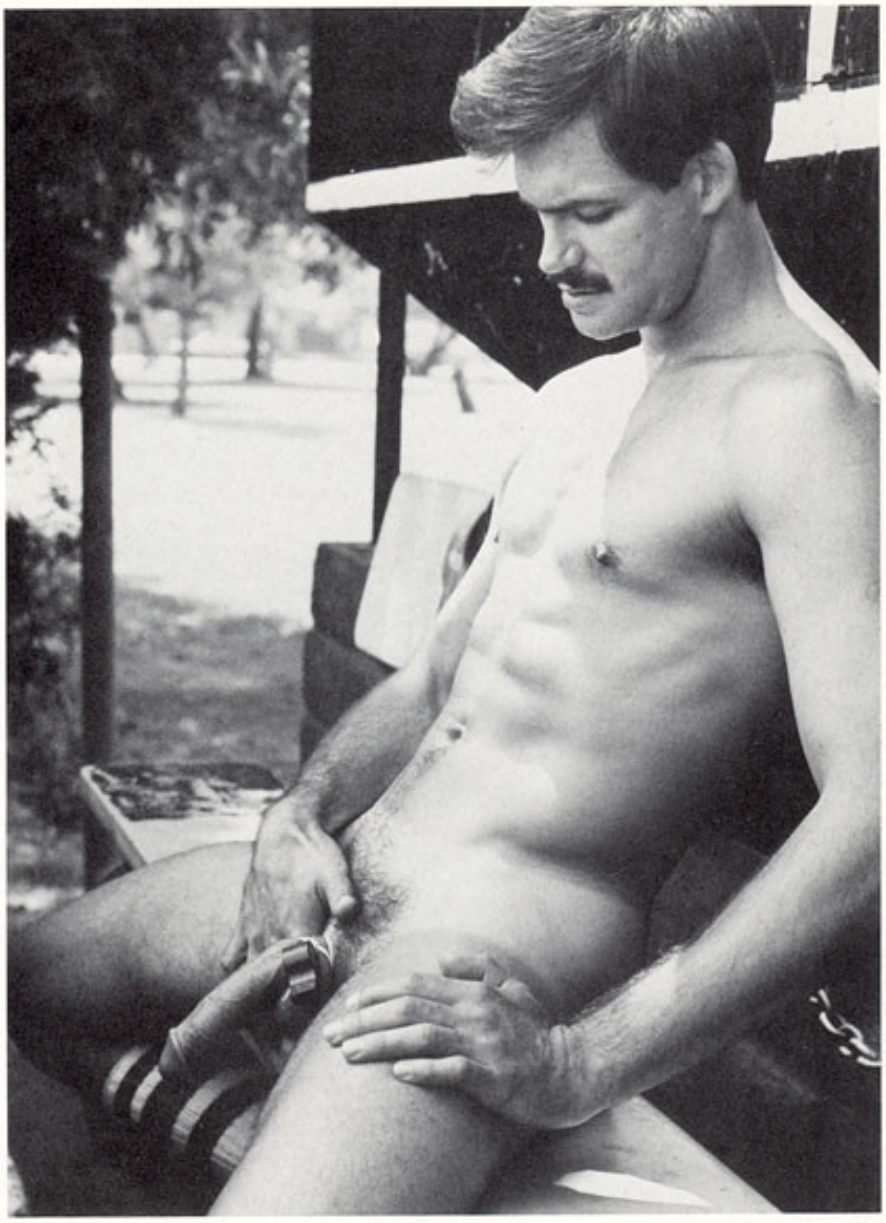
Listen to me—you'll be thinking I'm a sex maniac. But I'll tell you for sure sex is very natural, very healthy and should be used as a very sensual relaxing outlet to our daily stress. The more sex the better off a person is. Also the more you confide in me, the more I see we have the same feelings and have even experienced things that are very much alike. I wonder what would happen if we ever just let go of all our inhibitions?

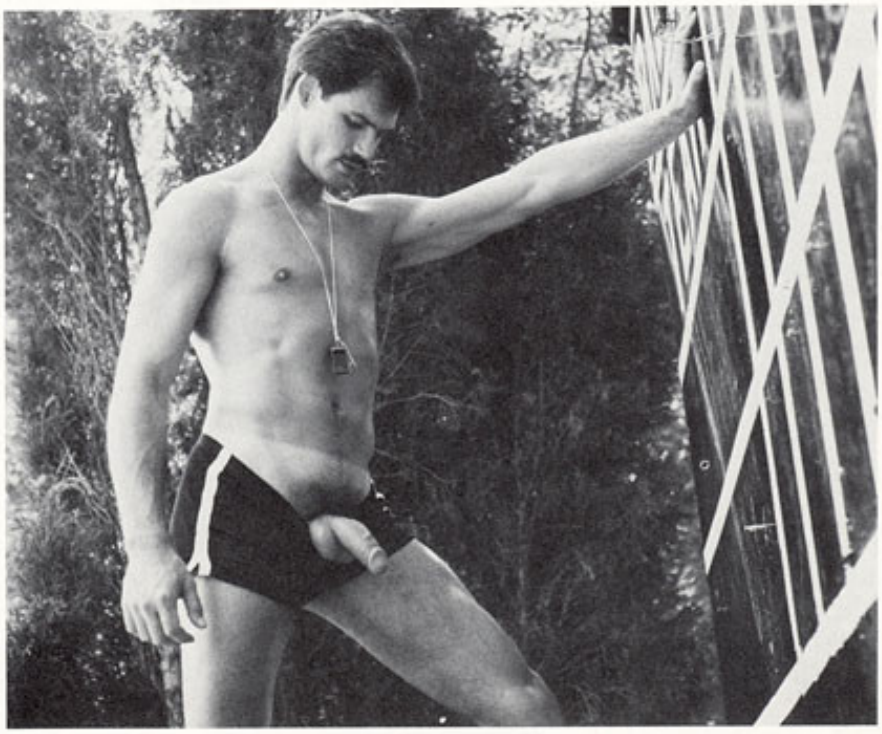
Here I was going to get to school early and I've spent the time answering your letter. When we get ready to leave on the bus, save me the seat next to you that way I can just get on the bus and plop down. I'm getting anxious.

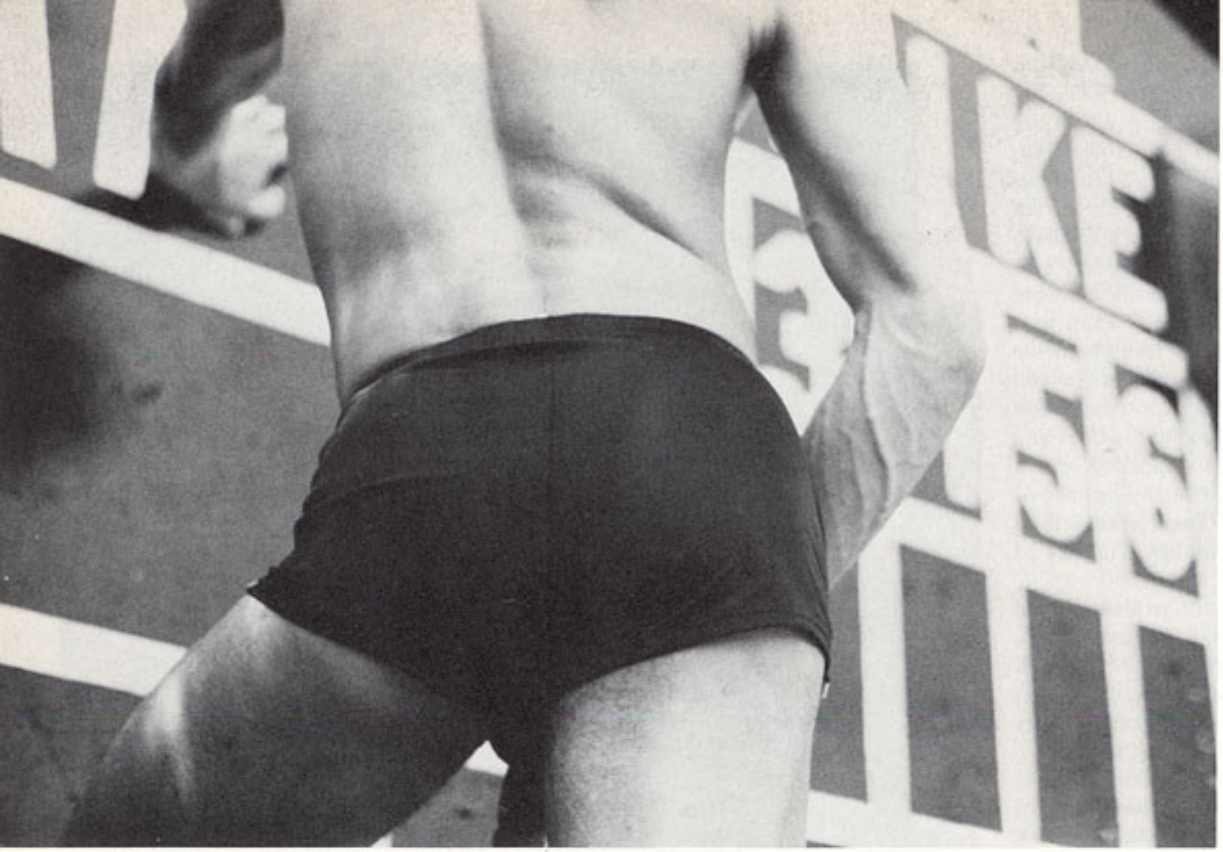
Last night my wife called late. She told me about her family problems and that's why I didn't get enough sleep—besides I was horny—I wanted more than just another jerk-off. I couldn't help but notice you in exercise class—you made some of the other students look bad. You're thin, but your muscles are really showing up and what an ass! Those buns must be as hard as rocks. I'll slip this to you at the end of health class.

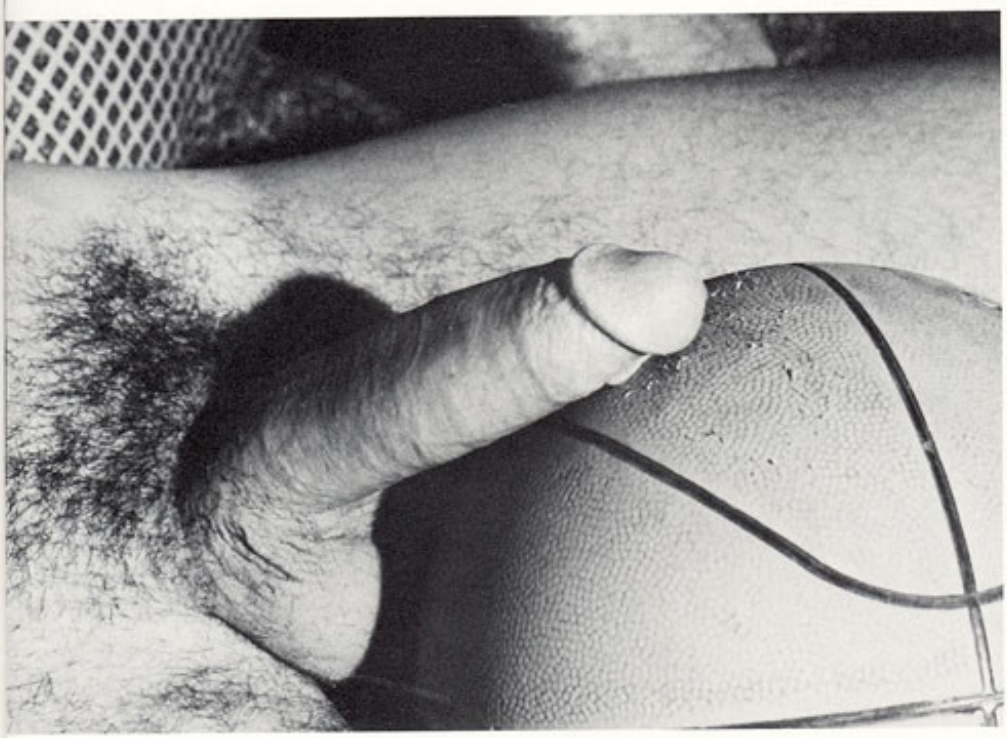
Fondly Coach King

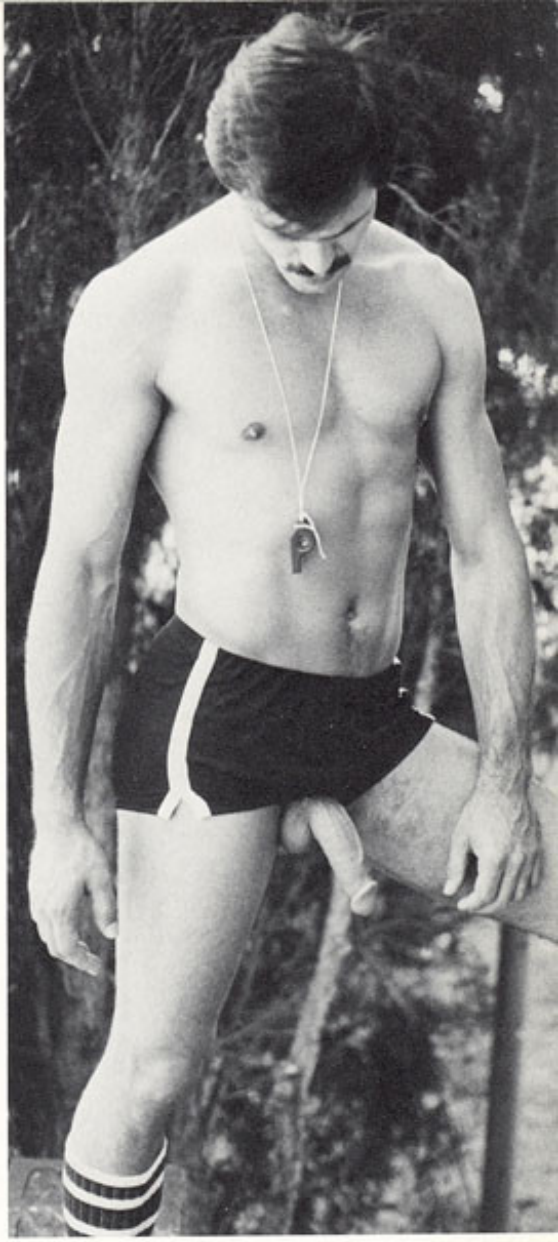
The only joke I can think of, "Thanks for the tip, said the fat woman to the fat man." That's no joke!

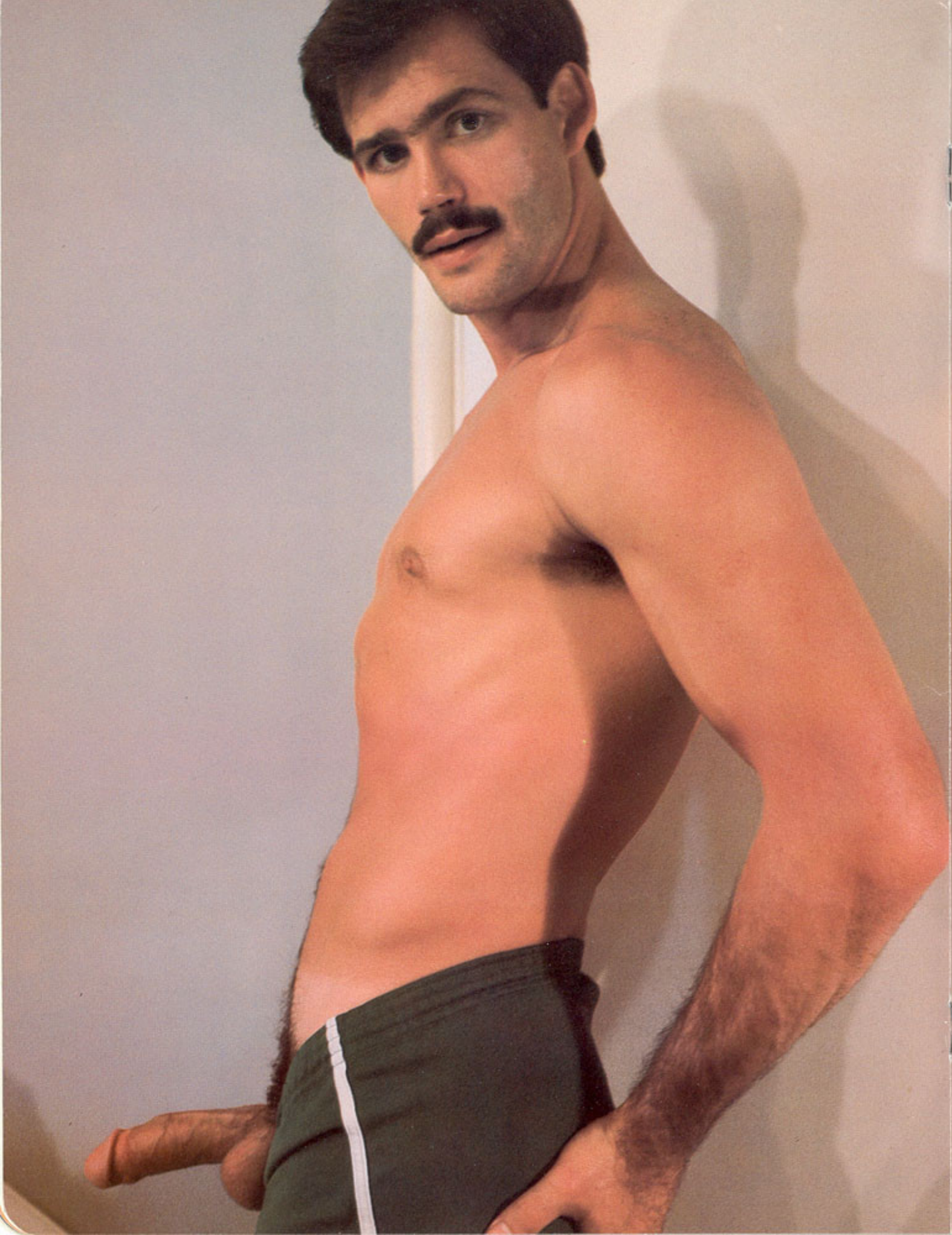


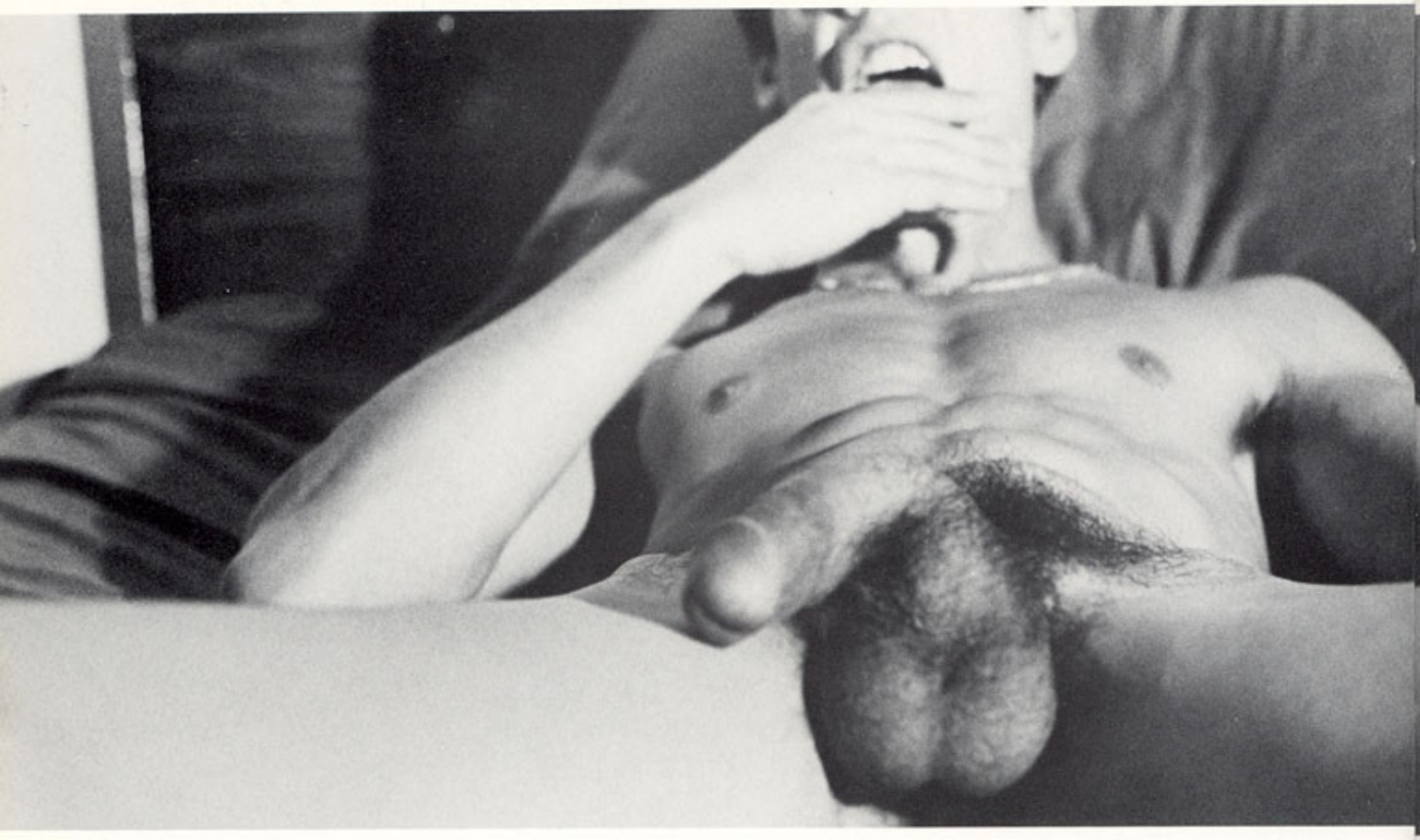


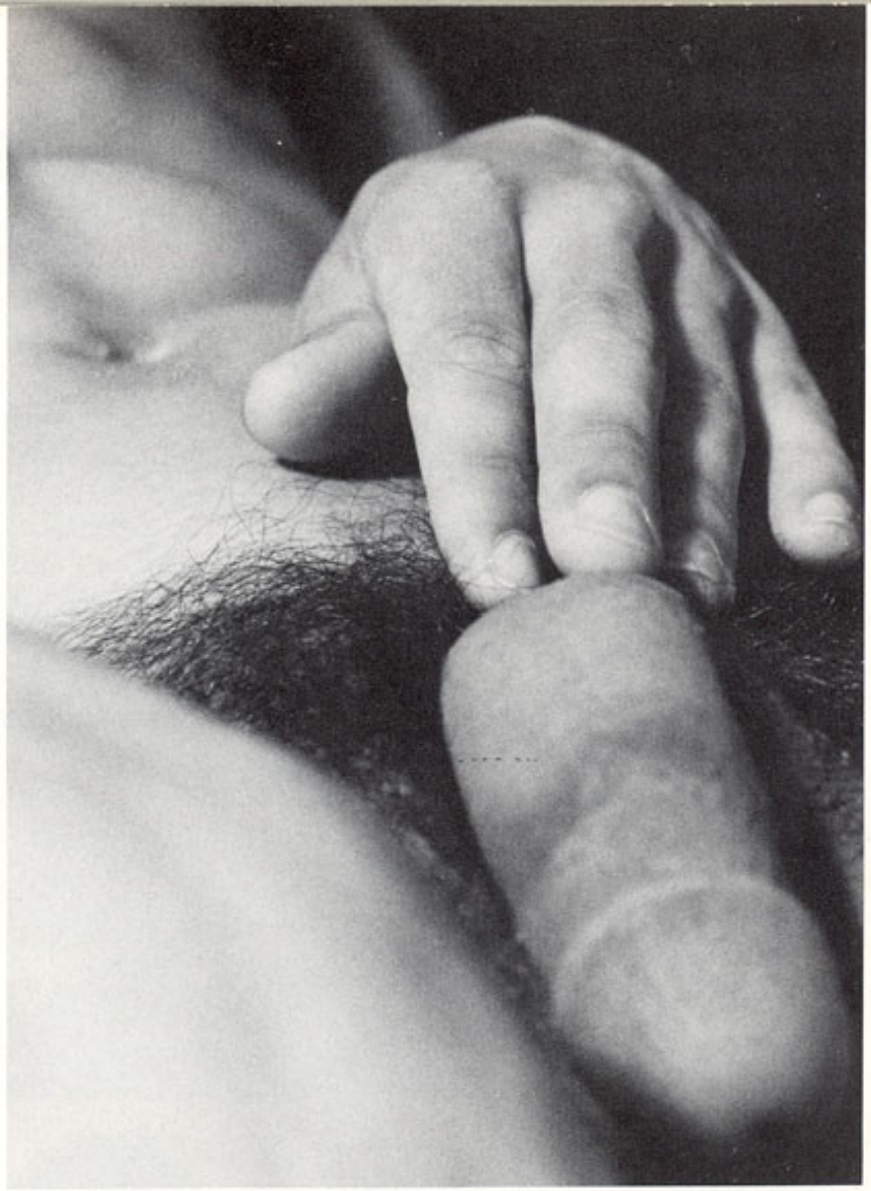












All's quiet on the homefront.

Dear Coach,

When I left the bus and drove off with David, I wasn't sure I could really leave. What a week-end!!! I've never had one quite like it!!! Back here in my room I stop and think about all that happened. As I sit at the typewriter I have a big hard-on. It makes me so hot that I really want to beat off but I'll save it for later until I can really concentrate on you and what we did.

Shit, I wish you were here instead of where I think you are. Wouldn't you much rather have your hands on my nice firm ass than where you probably have them? You should see the head of my dick. It's oozing just because I'm writing to you. You made me so fucking horny. When I think of your cock up my ass and your mouth pressing on mine I want to moan. You know the night I came to your cabin I was so afraid. I was afraid you woudn't fondle me and make me cum. I knew you'd give me a massage because you'd said you would—but before you never touched me all over like I wanted you to. Of course I never turned over on my back so you could see what your touch does to me.

That night I decided I'd roll over no matter what my condition was. What did you think when you saw my dick sticking right up at you? I know you liked it because of what you said. Do you remember? You said, "Shit Robbie, your

roommate is right...that is some piece of meat." When you touched it I thought I'd come right then. It took all the effort I could manage to hold off. What if I'd shot all over your gorgeous chest? I dig your chest and your strong arms. I want to bury my face in your crotch again and smell those wonderful smells. I want to taste your cum as it shoots into my eager mouth. How can I tell you? I think you want me as much as I want you.

When can I see you again? How can we meet? My roommate may go home for a week-end soon. Would you consider coming or cuming (ha! ha!) over here? Can we wait that long?

I want to ask you if it seems strange for a married man to be possessing the body of a college jock? I know you get off on it. The first time I saw your cock hard, I thought I'd never seen anything like it. The way it jutted out from all that black crotch hair made me weak. When you asked me to touch it and rub it, I held back; but that was only because I wanted to admire in the flesh what I had looked at clothed for so long. Your cock jerked in my hand, (remember?) and when I placed my tongue on the head and gave it a squeeze, all that salty liquid ran out on my tongue—oh shit, I'm so horny now from all this my dick is at full attention and I'm wishing you were here to give me release. Since you're not, it's up to me. I'll take it in my hand, my rock hard cock just remember how big it is, with a little spit, not to much so the sensation will still be strong. Then I'll stroke it up and down until I can feel that special feeling way back in the pit of my ass. As the feeling builds I'll stroke faster and faster until I shoot and shoot and shoot again. How'd you like to help me? You can you know. Just meet me in the park tommorrow night at 9:30 pm I'll be sitting in my car on 5th East. We could play with each other in the car. Hell, I hope you can make it, that is if you want to.

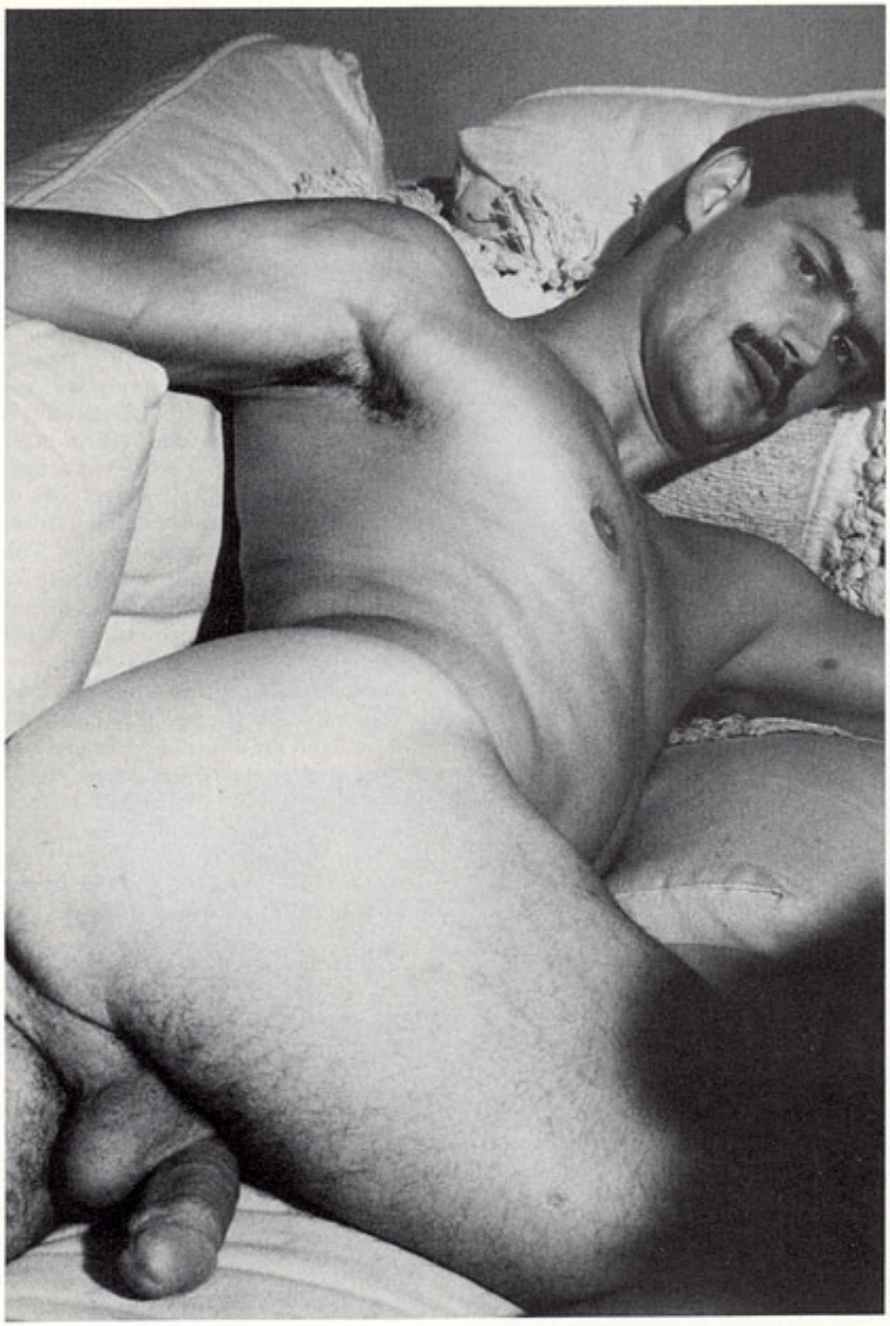
I've got to take care of this hard dick. It's aching for your sweet mouth or maybe your ass. Shit, I wonder how that would feel? I'm oozing again just thinking about it...Sorry I couldn't wait to finish this letter. My balls were screaming for release so I really went at "Old Charlie". He shot right up on my chin-damn, damn, damn!

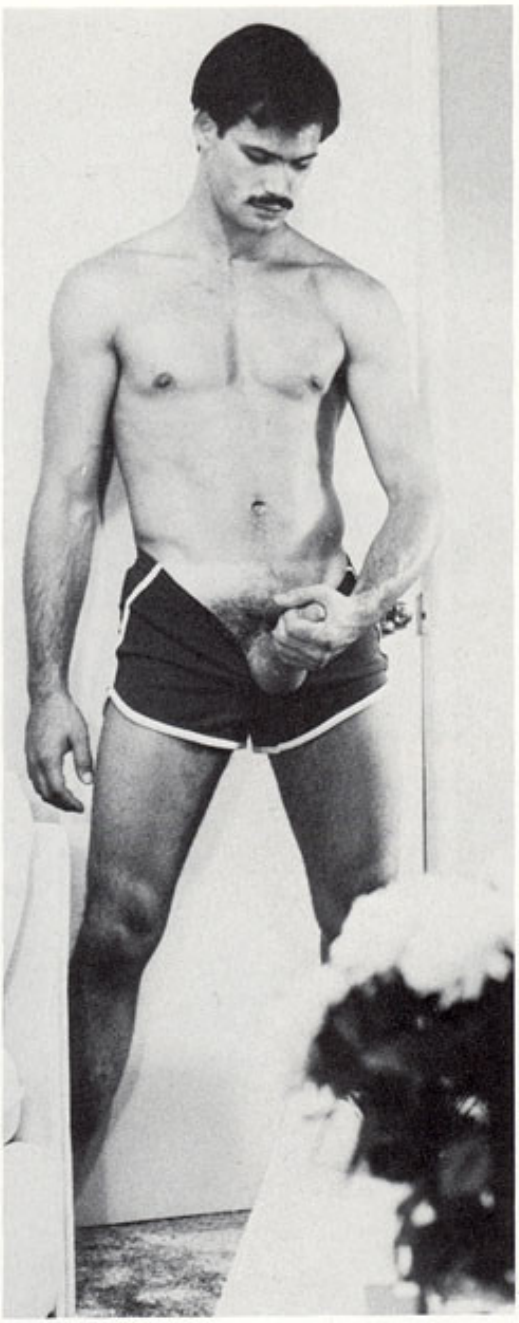
It was so hot! I wish you were here to lick it off like you did in the mountains.

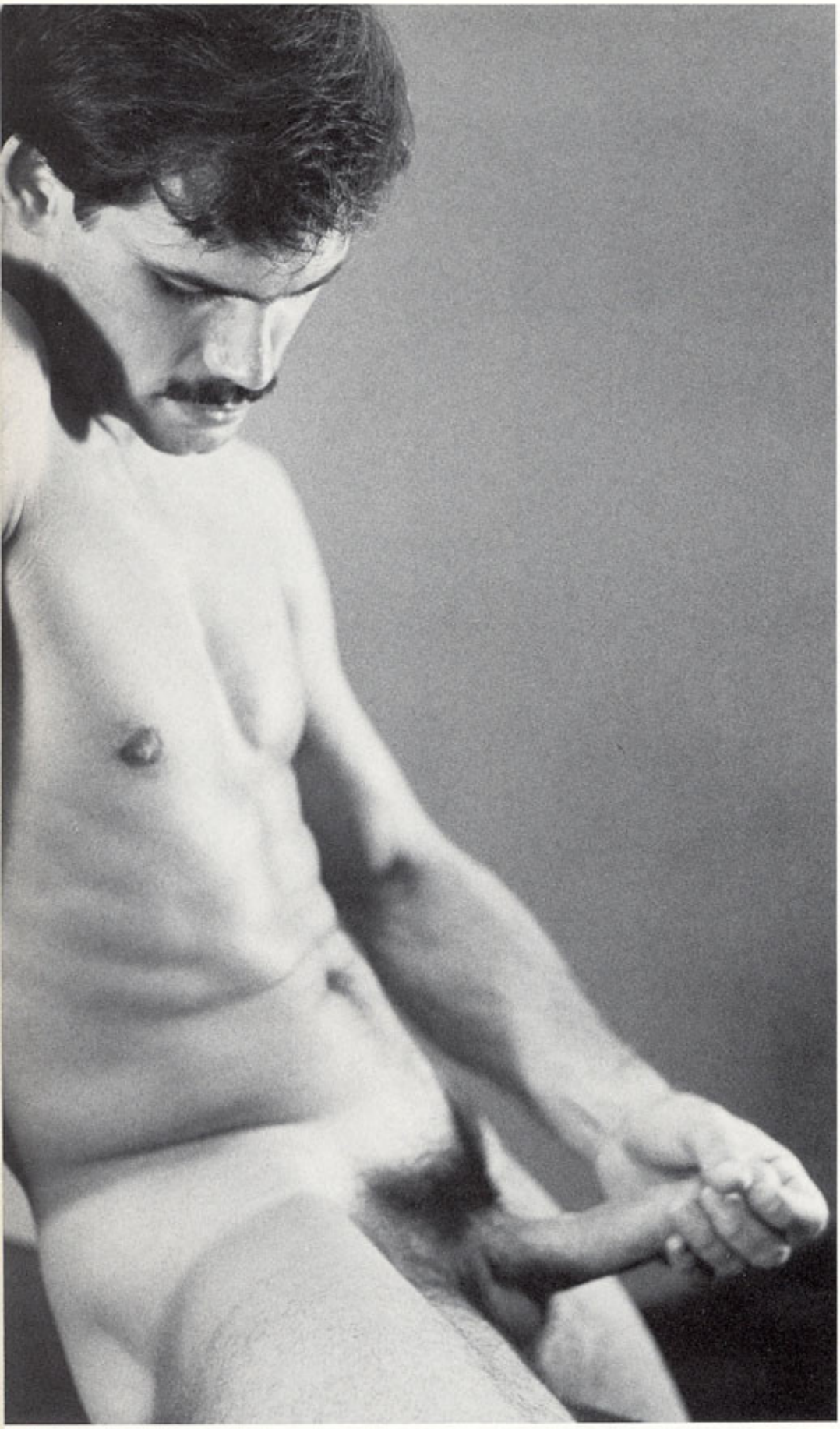
I've got to go to bed. Hope you have pleasant dreams—cause I sure will and they'll be all about you, you fucking beautiful hunk.

Love, Robbie

P.S. I've got it hard again just for you!!!!!
I'd love to have you SUCK IT!!!!
Maybe you'd eat my ass again!!!!!
I want to eat your DICK!!!!!!
Oh yeah, SUCK ME! SUCK ME UNTIL I CUM!!!







In my office

Dear Robbie,

I'm writing a note to you before I leave school. Watching you drive away with your roommate David really upset me. I wanted you to stay here, but didn't know how to make it happen. I had a fucking hard-on all the way home on the bus. How about you?

I'm going crazy—so listen to me. I can't take anymore of this pussy-footing around. I've got to have you, and not just to play periodic sex-games with. We have to get right down to it. We both want it because it goes beyond every other energy in our beings. It doesn't have anything to do with what I taught you in health class. It surpasses all that. What it amounts to is sex, pure raw sex. You want it and I want it and when we do we have to just ask for it. Do you understand? I mean I want you and I've got to have you and you can have me.

When you're sucking on my dick we both surge into a universe of our own. It's just you and me and our cocks and our bodies. I want to be inside you and I know you want it as much as I do. You like that hot big dick up your ass. You drive me crazy kid, I want to stay there forever. I've got your ass, your cock, your body and your soul. You're mine and you want me too. Right now my dick is swelling and reaching for you. I know you are think about me at this very moment. You are thinking about what we did and what you want me to give you—the ultimate pleasures of our bodies.

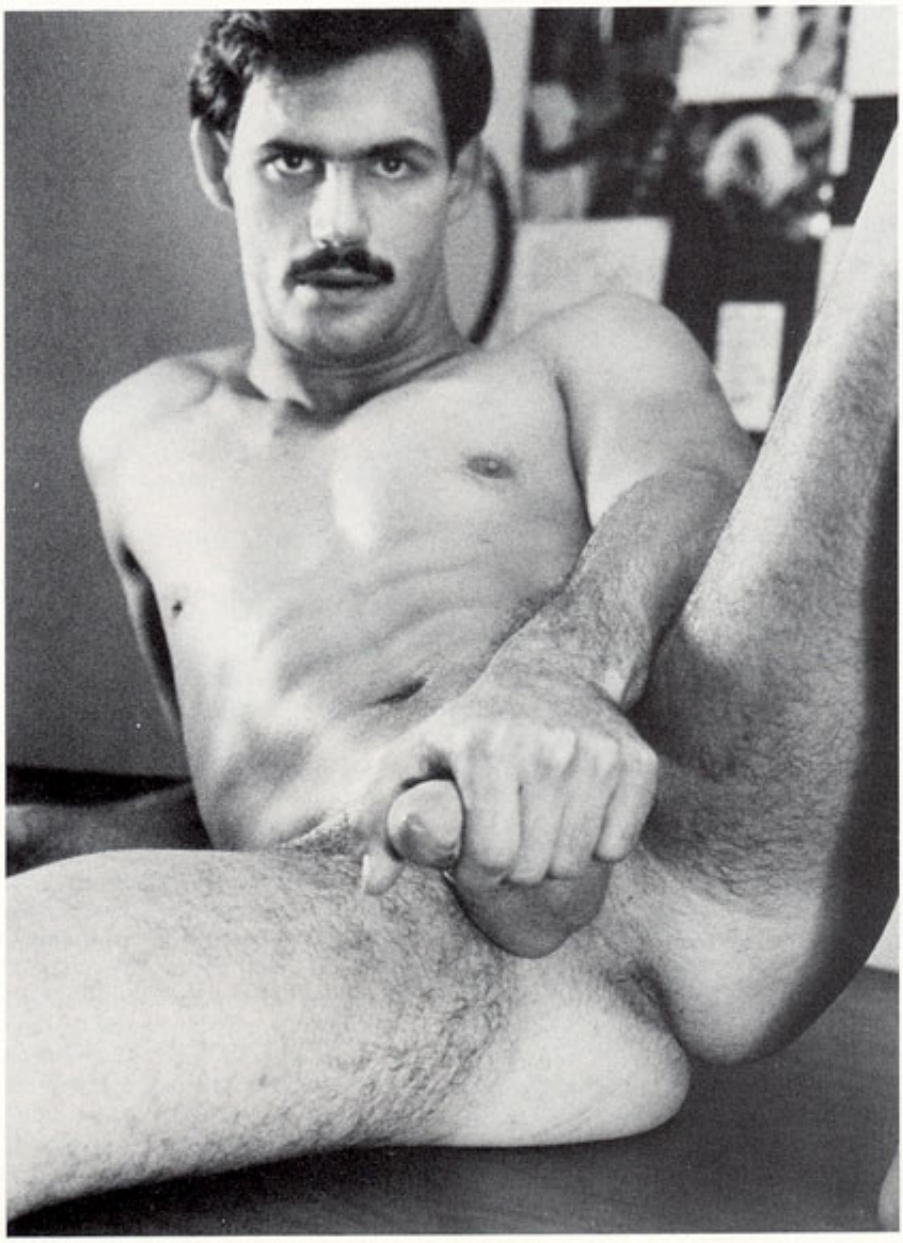
I'm so damn horny, Rob. It's driving me crazy. I'm stroking my hard cock and am getting so hot. My balls are aching for you. I want you to suck on them. I need that hot tongue searching into every crevice and ridge—feeling the veins on the shaft—so slick and hot! Eat it! I've got to have you, you hot jock. I want to come in your mouth. Can you feel it? I'm going to explode! I'm cuming and I'm not even...

Wow! What are you doing to me???? I just finished wiping the cum off my belly and the base of my hot dick. I actually came while I was writing this. What a trip! Boy you've got some kind of hold on me. I'm still shaking. You drain me. You suck all the strength out and then you fill me with a strong energy at the same time. Try to figure that one out!! I really need you bad.

Right now I am sooo exhausted and sooo satisfied. I could roll over right here, holding on to my dick, and dream of you Robbie, but I'll go home first. Thank god my wife is still at her mother's.

Goodnight for now!!!!

Coach

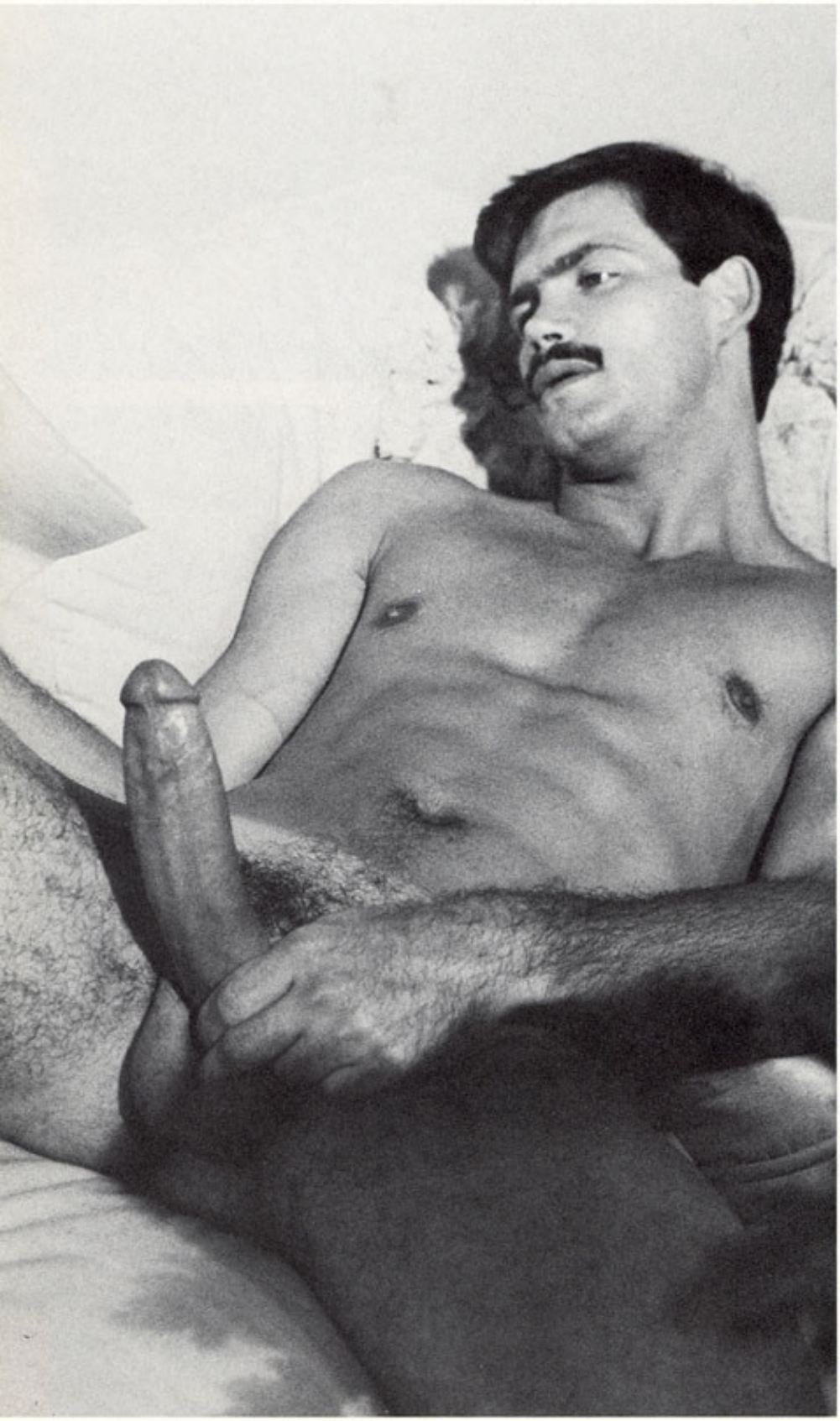


My free period

Dear Robbie,

I know you must have the note I slipped into your gym locker. Did it seem too urgent? If it did it is because I was urgently in need of you and the wonderful feeling of your body next to mine. I know you'll soon be here in my class and I'll have to look at you. Will my dick rise to greet you? I hope not but it very well could.

I read the letter you wrote after you left the bus. Hell, Robbie, you are as horny as I. It seems wherever I go or whatever I'm doing lately I'm thinking of you. During practice, when I'm in my office or at a meeting—you race into my mind. Even when I'm looking in the mirror I'm seeing your face trying to imagine what you see and want. I can almost feel your dick hard and throbbing rolling over my face, massaging my chin, and my cheeks. I can often feel it moving in and out of my mouth and, yes, I do think about you shoving it up my ass. What strange and fantastic new desires I've discovered with you. Please don't ever stop doing that to me.



Last night I pulled out the black jersey tank-top of yours and stared at it. I fondled it and wrapped it around my cock. I could imagine your sweaty chest as you ran while wearing it. It still had your smells, all those pungent odors from your body. I rubbed it across my chest as I was lying on the couch. I pressed the fabric into my face and inhaled that sensual aroma into my nostrils. My heart was pounding as though I'd done 16 laps around the field. As I was clutching your top to my face, I ran my hand down to my cock and squeezed my balls, then I pressed down on the hard root of my dick and under my nuts. My fingers found my asshole and as I pushed more, I could feel my balls churning and heaving for release. Wow, how I wanted you there! The jersey was you and that was about as close as I could have you for the moment. I think I'm going to haul that tank-top around with me wherever I go. I want to wear it while I fuck your ass and you sweat like a roped calf. Hey, why don't you send me all your laundry! There's no guarantee you'll ever get it back. Eventually I'll have all your clothes and have you just where I want you—all bare-assed naked!!!

Yesterday as I drove off campus I saw you hanging out with some students by the east courts. I was thinking you'd be waiting for me in the park at 9:30—and hoped you'd find this letter in your locker. I wanted to talk to you at school, but there wasn't any time. It was a busy day. Anyway, I can't meet you tonight. My wife came home this morning and we have a "hot" date tonight—some faculty party, could be a terrible bore, but I have to make the appearance.

Rob, you have to help me out. I want to see you, all of you, but I must maintain my place here at school. You can suck my dick and I'll suck yours as long as we can be discreet about it. Hell, you hot horny hunk, I'd give anything to be on top of you right now. I'd also love, as I've said before, to have that big tool of yours up my ass. It would be virgin territory, but for you I'd lie down and spread my cheeks. You'd love it—a nice virgin asshole for your first ass fuck. Oh I'm so hot for you—fuck you really turn me on.

Today I found myself thinking about that first night on the ski trip. When you came to my room that night I was so naive about what would happen. You knew all along and were one up on me. Now don't get me wrong, I'm happy about it. Shit, when you asked for a back-rub, I was more than happy to oblige you. I can still feel my fingers working on your back. When you asked me to massage your ass because you could feel the muscle strain in it, I can still remember pushing your briefs down and looking at the most beautiful ass I'd ever seen. Those rock hard mounds of flesh were right there before my eyes. My dick was straining inside my shorts. I had a jock on for some reason. Maybe it was sort of self-protection, because I knew I'd get hard if I was alone with you.

The surprise came when you rolled over and there was that hard dick laying on your stomach. Jeez, it was a sight! I saw you smile and you slightly raised your hips toward me and your dick, because it was so heavy, sort of rolled toward me. You took it in your hand and raised it toward me and then you asked me if I would massage it too. When I took it in my hand, it felt wonderful. It had been a long time since I'd handled another man's prick. I wanted to touch it, I really did want to hold it and roll it around and look at it. I wanted to feel the weight of it and then I wanted to suck it. When you said, "Suck it!...suck that big cock!" That did it for me. I'm sure you remember what happened after that. The energy that happened at that moment and for the next two hours was ecstasy.

The next few days will be hectic, but we must get together soon. Your park idea sounds great, but another day. We will do it again!!!

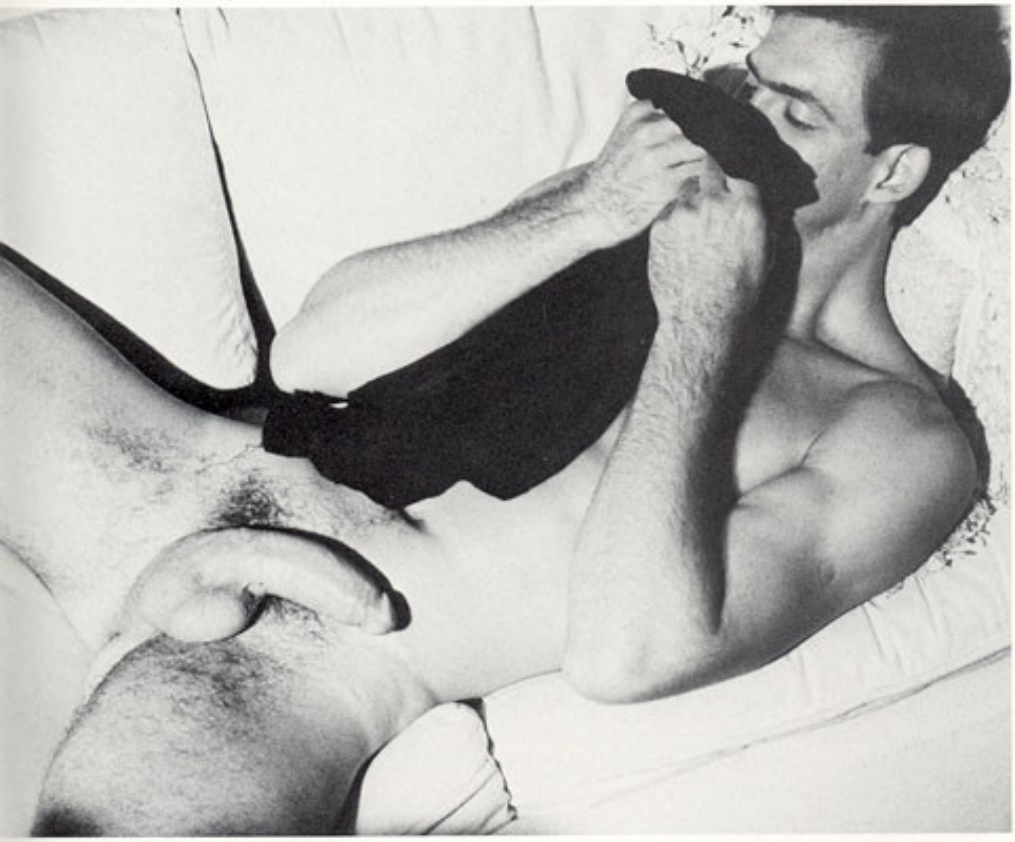
JW

At home 3 days after the trip.

Dear Coach,

I'd rather be with you in the park. Here I sit with a limp dick in my hand. I already jacked off thinking about you and those hot hard buns of yours. Your letter made me all sweaty. Shit, shit, shit why did your wife have to come home so soon.

I do understand we must be careful. You have a good position and I wouldn't want to hurt your chances at school. I'd die if that happened. I'll restrain myself, except when I'm with you, then, watch out! You do need to see me again. You will won't you? Soon? Real soon? I need to hold on to that glorious meat of yours. I want to feel it on my face, my chest and on my lips. The way that jizz oozes out of your dick when you get excited gets me so hot. To think you'll let me fuck you in the ass even does it more to me.



Today in class I sat and undressed you. If you were in front of the desk I imagined you without clothes. You were lecturing about the different stages of erection and I imagined you in those stages. Shit, it was so hot! I almost came right there—could you see my hard-on? When I left class I went to the john—and wiped the head of my dick. It was all wet and slimey from the excitement. Remember when you pointed to flaccid cock? Well, I had you dressed and then undressed. Your cock was beautiful flaccid. You are quite a hunk. Now that I know what you look like in all your naked glory, it is wonderful. I can imagine you almost any way and will. I wonder if you knew what I was thinking?

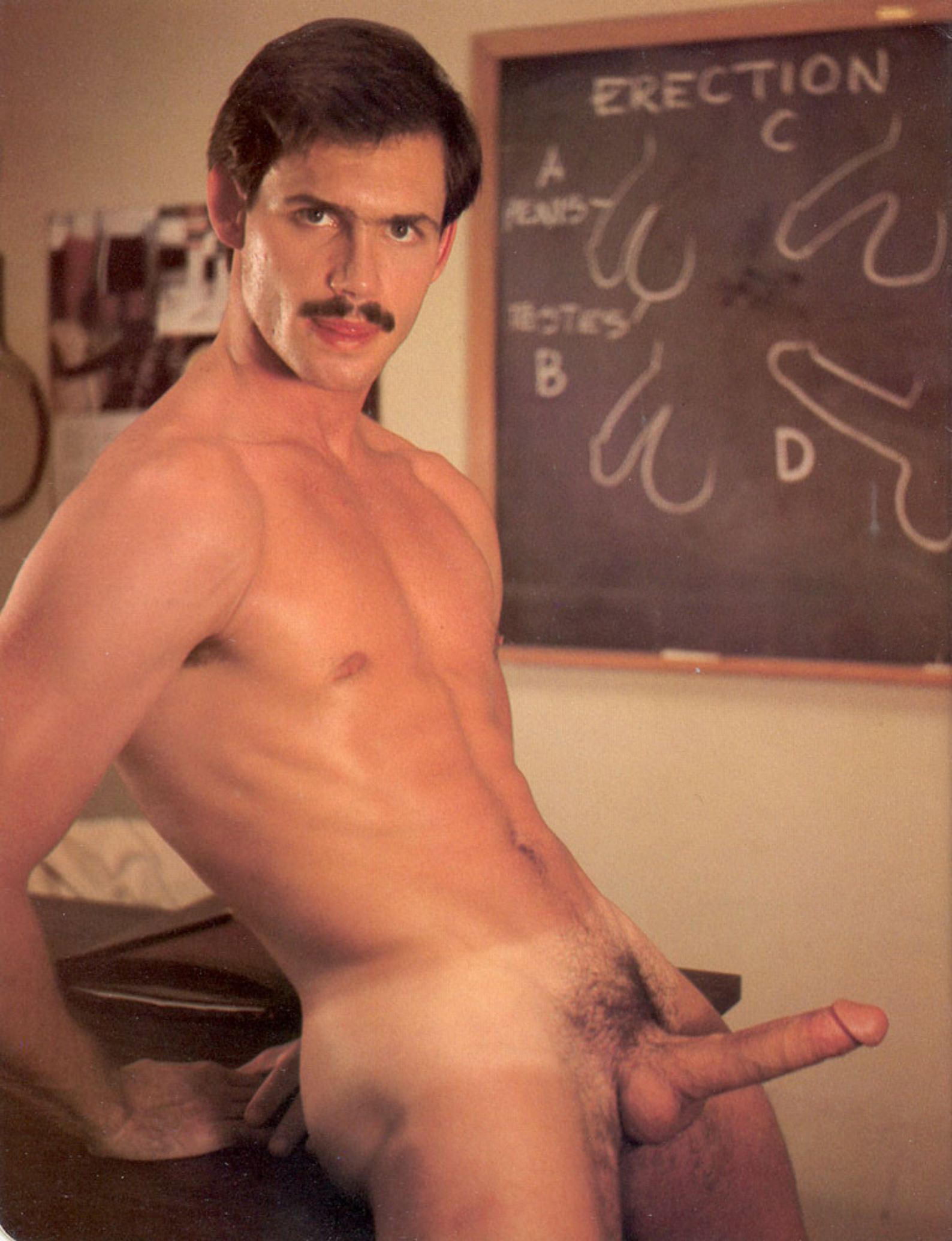
I was so excited when you handed me the report that I had written and asked to speak to me after class. When everyone left the room I wanted to kiss you. It was such a strong urge. I also wanted to open your fly and take out your dick and suck it until I made it hard. When you asked if I could meet you in the park tonight, I really couldn't believe it. You'll know I've been there. I will be there. I'll finish this letter later.

after the park

I'm home and so are you. I'm so weak I can't tell you how weak. My cock still feels the tightness of your great ass. It was wonderful! Was it like that with all those girls at the lake. When your car drove up I'd been there about 10 minutes. I had my cock in my hand and had been playing with it for about five minutes. It was hard, hard just for you. As you slid into my car and I saw you had on those black gym shorts you sometimes wear, I thought I'd pass out. Do you remember how I grabbed at you and you laughed a bit. Shit, JW, you are so fucking hot. I can't keep my hands off of you.

I can still see the head of your big dick sticking out of the leg of your shorts. I can taste it as I lowered myself on the seat and pulled it further out with my mouth. My dick is hard again as I'm writing to you. Will it ever go down? I hope not. I'd like it always up just for you.

Can't you imagine it now? I'm sitting on my couch at home. I have on some shorts and I'm stroking the head of my cock. It's starting to grow and the head is trying to get out at the end of the leg hole. It feels so good as I stroke the head. For some reason the material seems to make the sensation more intense. It's getting bigger and still bigger. Wouldn't you like to put your mouth on it and feel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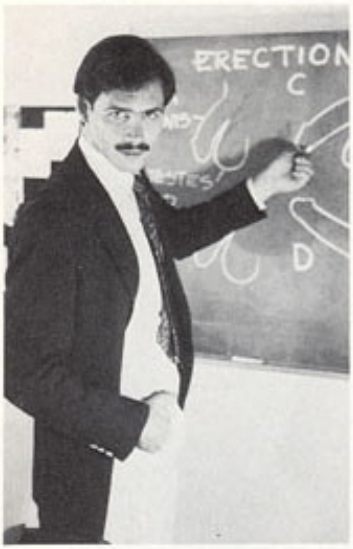
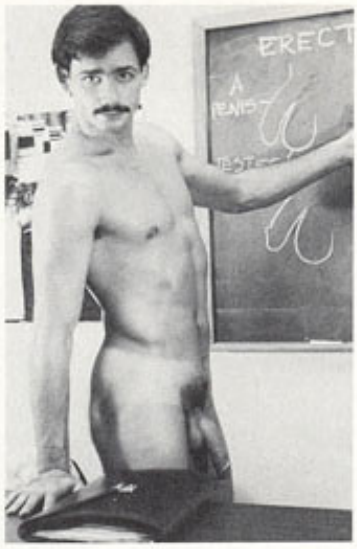
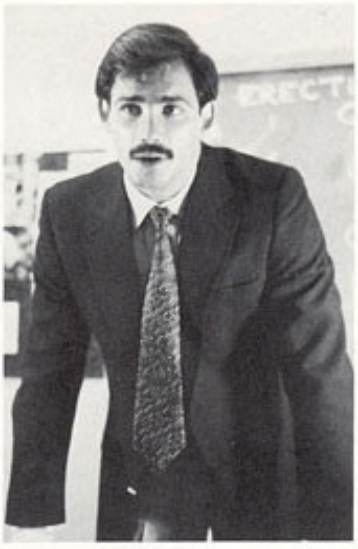
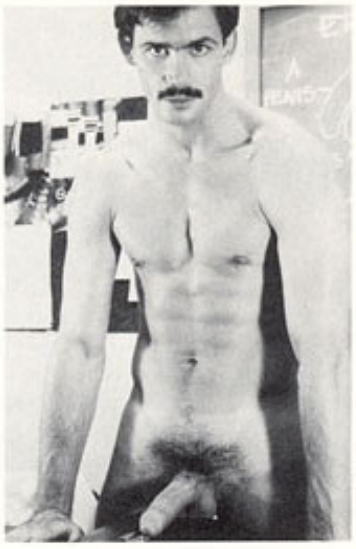
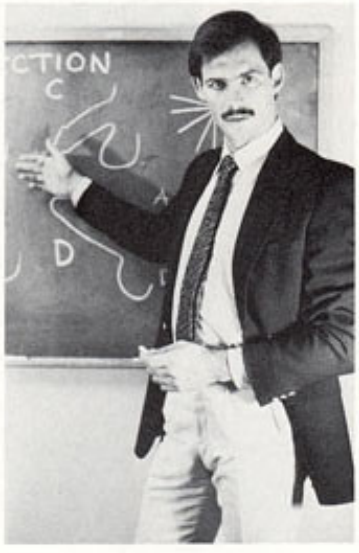






it pulsating in your mouth? I'm opening my shorts and pushing my dick out the bottom of my shorts. Shit, you should see it!!! It's like a snake trying to get uncaged. I'm going to pull off my shorts now—hell if you were only here to help me. You could run your hands over my thighs and to the back of my legs then up my ass. If your cock was hard you could play with the head of it on my rose-bud asshole. I could sense your need and push myself toward you. Then you could ease your cock into my ass as I jacked away at my hard throbbing dick. Oh, JW, shit I'm so fucking hot and horny for you and I hope you know it! Eat me! Yeah, that's it, that's the way! Open your mouth and take all that big dick up to the base. See how thick it is—rub my crotch hair into your face and wait, just wait for me to explode a big load right into your mouth. Maybe you'd like me to come on your face, or on my chest then you could bend down and like it off.

If you could see my dick now you'd know how hard it is. It's sticking straight up in the air—so hard and so ready. I'm on my bed now. I've moved there because I want to lie down and beat my cock. I wish you were here between my legs watching me. When I squeeze my dick it gets so big and begins to throb. It needs to be sucked. If you could only suck it!!! I'm jacking off again. I can feel the cum beginning to rise. It's such a great feeling. My hands are busy. I love to pull on my balls while I'm jacking on my meat. It makes everything so tight. The skin is so sensitive. Oh baby suck on it!! Suck it!! Shit, I'm going to come. It's going to shoot a big load. I can feel it coming—oh shit oh my hell——oh baby, yeah! yeah!!!!

It's over, shit it was good when I think of you. Not as good as when you are with me, but it is good. You know I want you. I need to see you again soon. When I go off to Hawaii—well I'm not sure I can go now. What do you think? You are so hot, this experience is so new. What am I feeling? Why are we doing this? I like it, but why??? Why? Why?

Could I see you Saturday afternoon? Maybe we could meet somewhere that we could be alone. Please!!!

Love, Robbie

Today

Dear Rob,

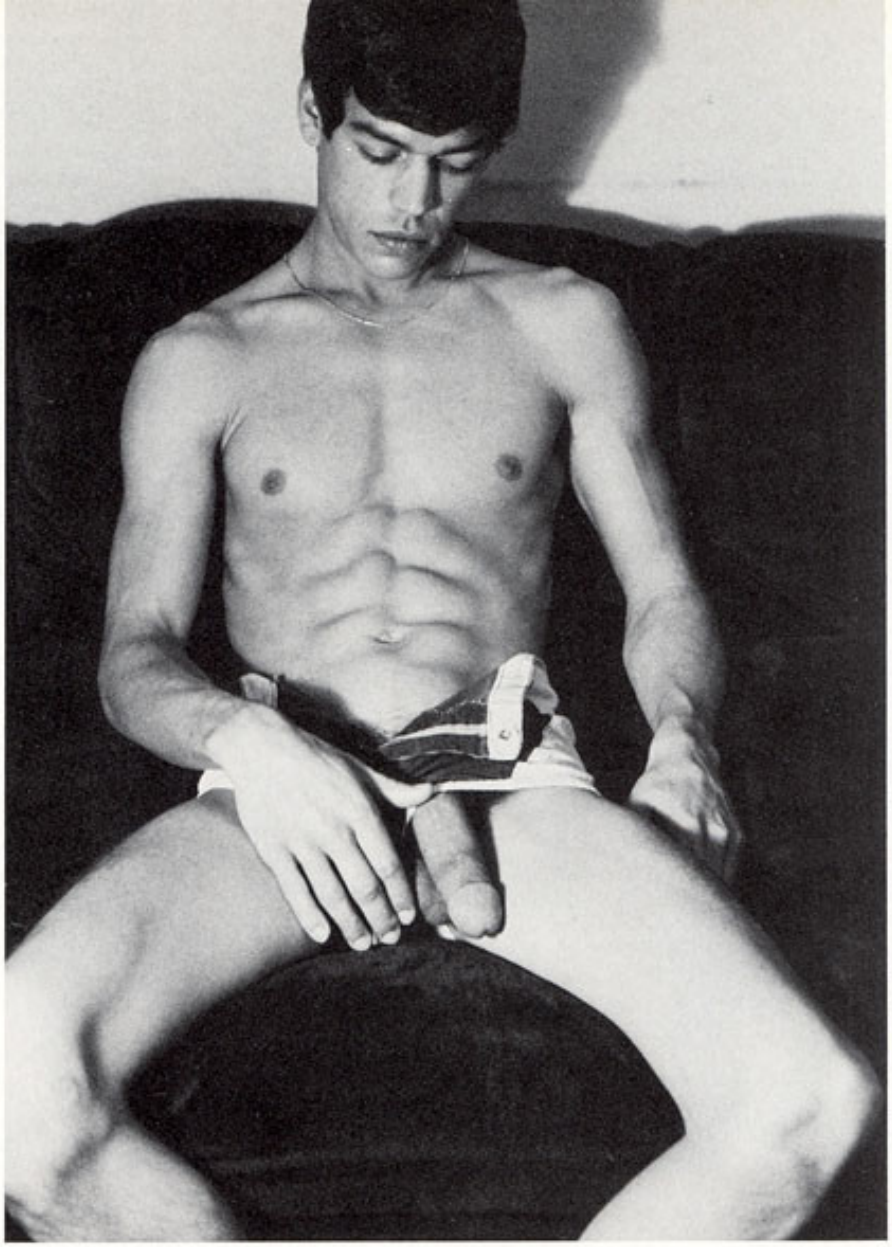
A somber note.....I'm getting paranoid! I've been thinking about people being too aware of us. Robbie, "The Teacher's Pet." They know we're close—maybe too close. I want you as badly as you want me, but it's doing a heavy number on both are heads. My career, my marriage, your summer plans, our place here at school, our lives. I'm getting confused in some ways, but I can't stop seeing you.

All I can say is we've got to cool it—be careful! We get carried away. We've got to avoid spending so much time together around campus. We can handle that. It will only make it more intense when we're together alone.

I think I might be in love with you. Don't fight me. You want me as much as I want you. You do have me, but when we are in a place alone on our own common ground.

JW

Last day of school



Dear Robbie,

About that last note—a little heavy no??? When you were saying all those things about the lecture in that health class, I tell you it was all I could do to keep my cock from poppin off.

All I could think about was you during that lecture. There they were—all the class sitting there excited and nervous about "that" particular subject. When I was preparing the lecture in my office—and actually thought about it all day—I knew you would be there. I didn't know where you were going to sit, but I knew you'd be up close. I came into the classroom earlier and set up my notes then took the chalk and went to the board and wrote penis, flaccid, full erection, etc. (flaccid is a funny word!). You know it actually takes on a hot meaning when I think of it with you. That soft dick swirling around and flipping inside my mouth—Wow!

Anyway, I was really nervous about that class lecture. I'd given it a hundred times—well maybe two dozen times. But today was amazing. You were there—and I had to do an academic trip and what a trip. There you were sitting on the aisle. In fact you were on the second row in your button front levis. Your legs were spread apart and your books and papers were scattered on your desk. You were the first thing I was aware of when everybody came into the room—in fact you're the only thing I could think of...talk about lecture jitters. You can really fuck my composure up sometimes. I'm usually damn good in the classroom. I tried very hard to remain calm. I was actually trying not to stare at your full crotch. Did you purposely get those hard-ons to attract my attention?

I watched you while I was lecturing and I knew what was going on inside that strange mind of yours. So I went with it. It was you and me in that room—trying to be clinical. There we were fantasizing about each other—remembering! Everytime I turned around I knew you were watching every move I made. I like that, but it did make me somewhat self-conscious.

I started drawing "old flaccid" on the blackboard and it was you—your penis—soft and hanging down over your balls. It was me remembering how it felt in my mouth—that soft cock and those wonderful hot balls. When I drew the "Semi-erect cock," I could feel my own cock starting to get erect and knew I had to maintain. You were not watching the fucking blackboard, I knew that. You were sitting there teasing me and trying to screw up my lecture. Well, you almost did. By the time "The Full Erection" masterpiece came on to the blackboard (did you ever come on a blackboard?), I could see that you could have been Exhibit "A." What a trip. I was drawing an erection on the board and you could have risen out of your seat and shown the class what a real one looks like. It drove me crazy as usual. I was put to the test, not to mention what it did to my testes. I think I'll flunk you. Maybe change a couple of letters and I'll do that too!!!

Your report was great, you've got so much potential. I had to at least touch you after class. I wanted to kiss you too. Well, maybe I'll do that later. I got your note about the park. I just may be able to get out—tell the wife I'm going for a jog to the park. Thanks for all your letters, they are hot. In fact I read them now and again. What a turn on. I never realized words could do that. The summer will be lonely without our timely visits. I think the letters and your shirt will come in handy. I'm glad you're going to go to Hawaii as that was part of your plans before "us." The fall will soon be upon us and I will once again be upon you.

The Saturday before you go to Hawaii we must spend the day together. I have borrowed the cabin of one of my friends. It is secluded and on the lake near Central City. You know the place—we talked about it before. We can spend the weekend there and really get it on. I want to feel that big dick once again. I want to take it and bury it deep in my throat as you shoot all that cum. I want to have you fuck me and suck me, to lick my balls and sit on my face while I eat that sweet ass of yours. Do you want to fuck me??? I sure want to fuck you and wrap my arms around you and feel your bod next to mine. We have to do it right so we'll have something to hang on to for the summer.

Shit, I'm all erect and it's only noon. I'll see you in the park tonight, so get ready for a nice big load. I'm so hot it will probably fill your mouth three times. More later, much much more!!!!!

Love,

Coach K.

Today also

Dear JW,

Don't worry, I understand. My dick is hard for you anytime. Just remember that I'm one of your students so at school you can relate to me on that level. It will kind of turn me on anyway. Shit, I've fucked you and you've fucked me and no one knows but the two of us. That makes me feel real hot, and horny especially when I'm in your class. I'll cool it and I have decided to go to Hawaii. You can be sure that I'll be back in the fall so don't find someone else to suck you off while I'm gone. Got to run to the track meet. I'll be in the park again tonight if you can make it.

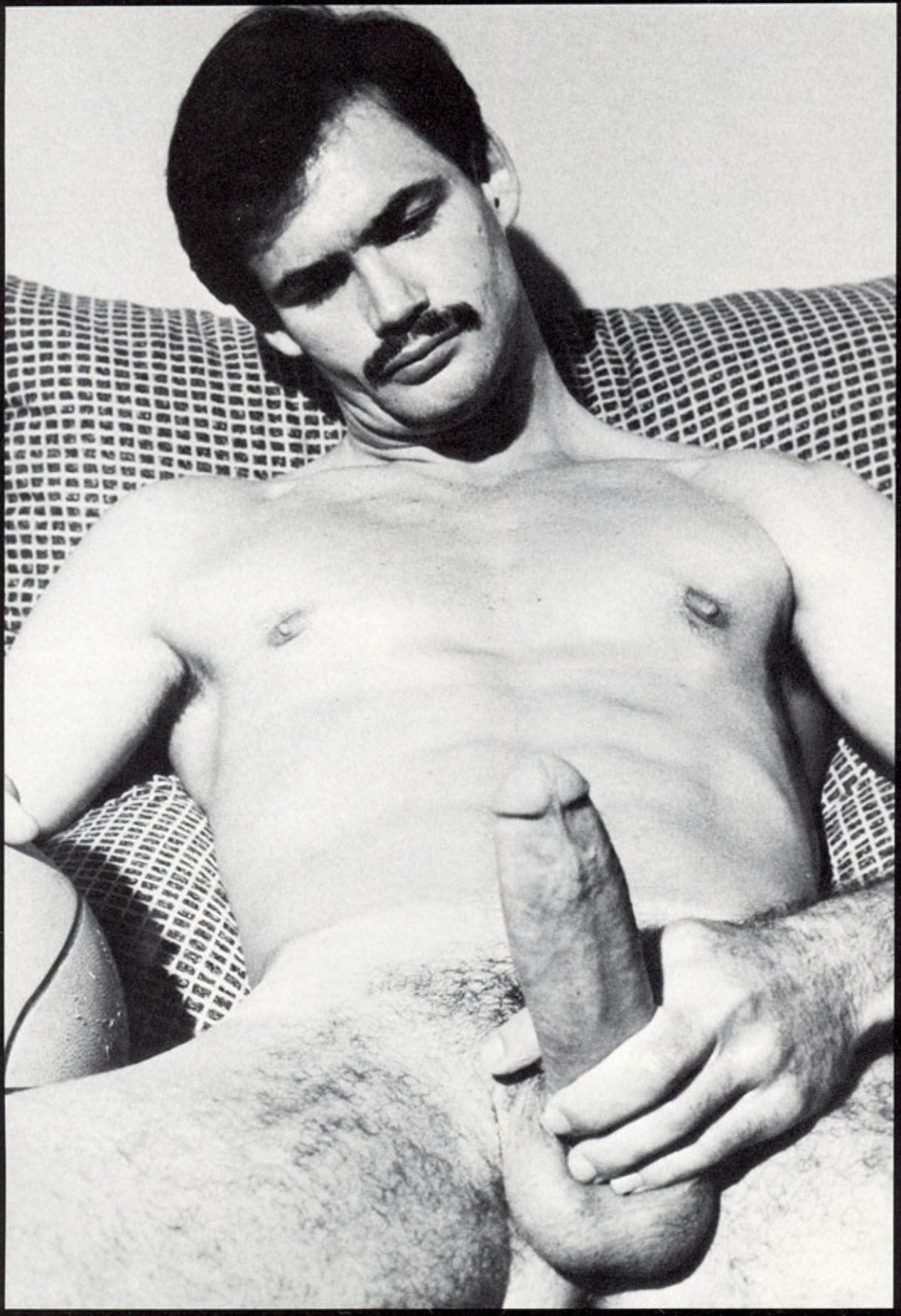
Love, R.

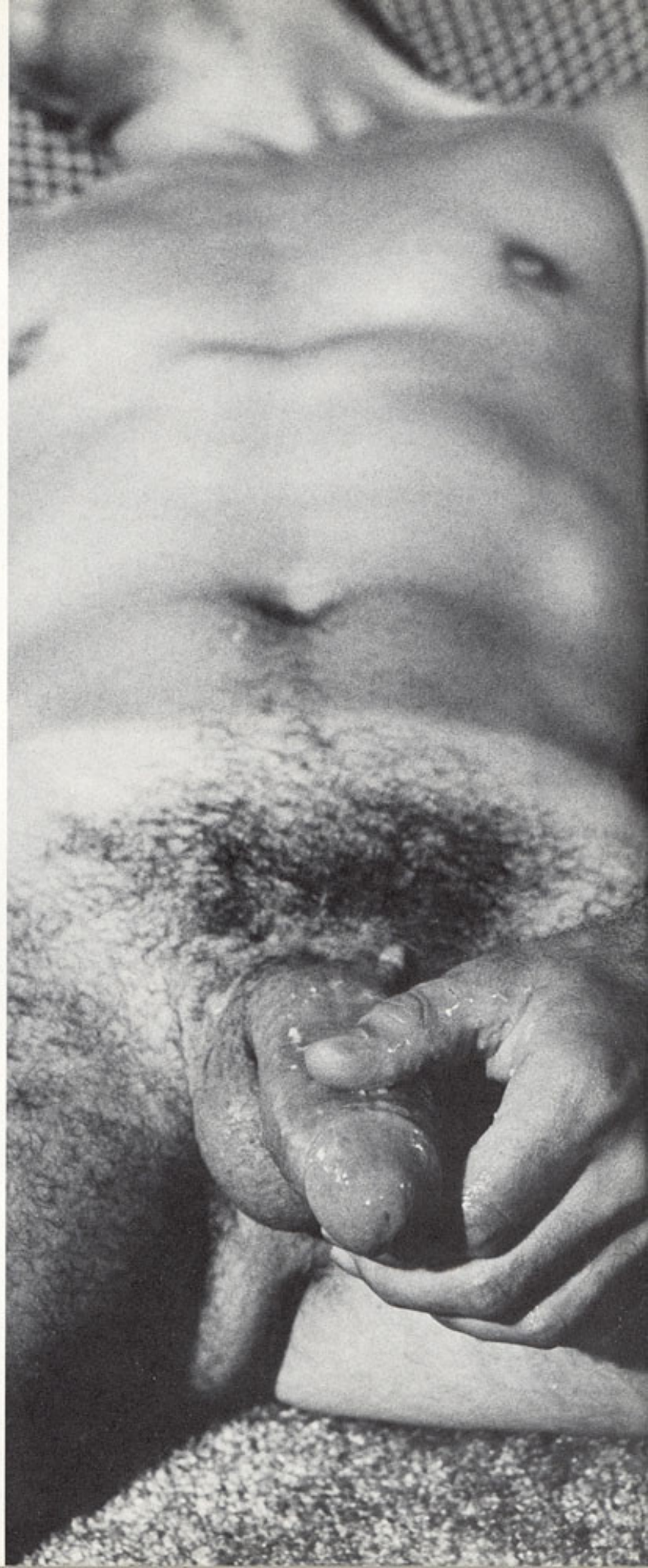
I'll wait til 10:30.

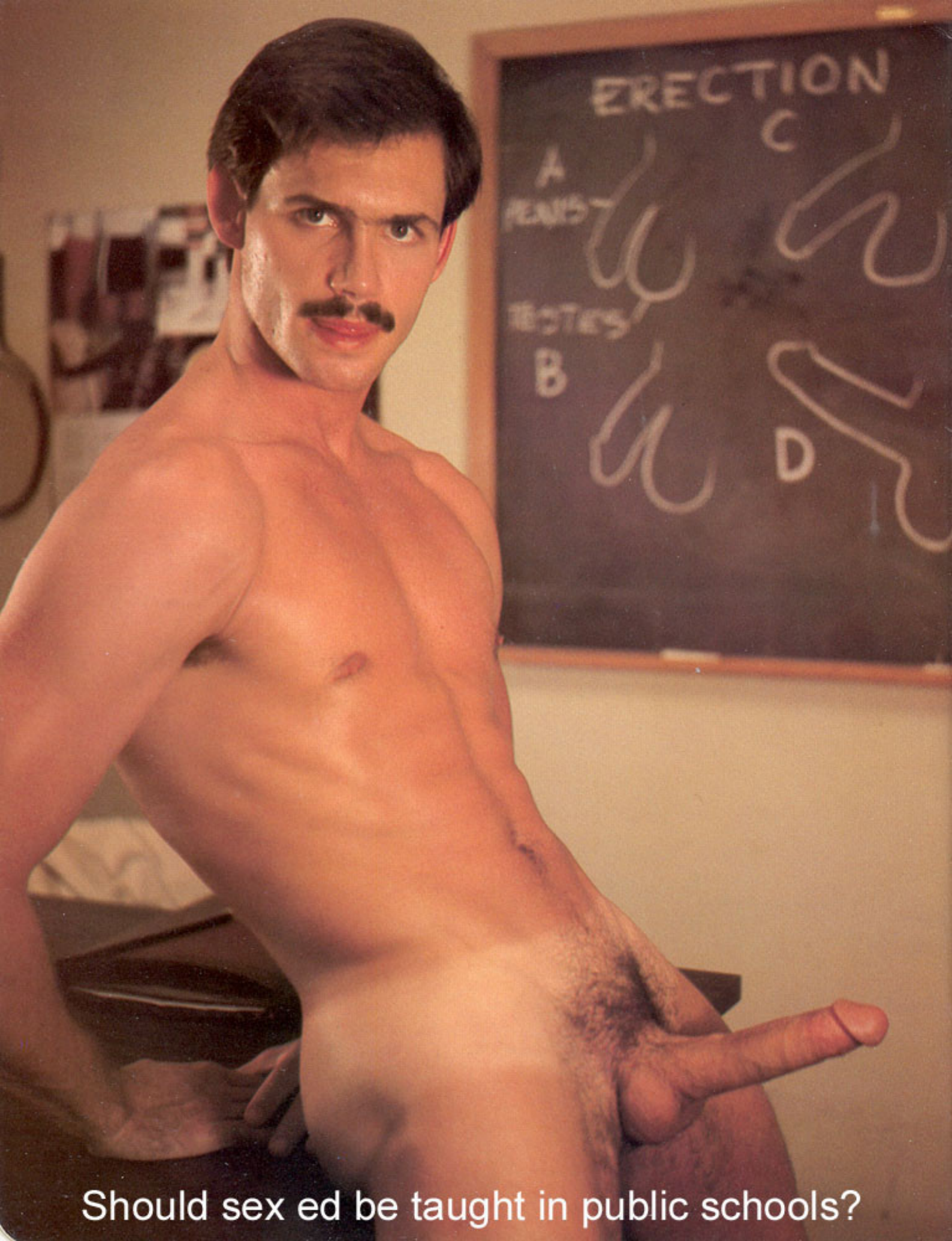
Dear Coach,

Tonight is the night. My plane leaves at midnight! It is exciting to be going, but more exciting to think of you and what we've been doing. Maybe I'll send you a plane ticket. Would you use it? I'll drop you a card now and again from the islands. They will be very matter of fact but you can read between the lines. Those unwritten lines will say things like: I wish you were here to fuck me. I'd like to eat your cock and suck your ass. I want to feel that big dick in my hand. Yeah, baby suck my hot prick! Eat me! I love the way you turn me on. Things like that will be unwritten just so you'll know what I'm really thinking. Be good while I'm away!!!

Love, Robbie






ERECTION
C
A
B
D
Should sex ed be taught in public schools?